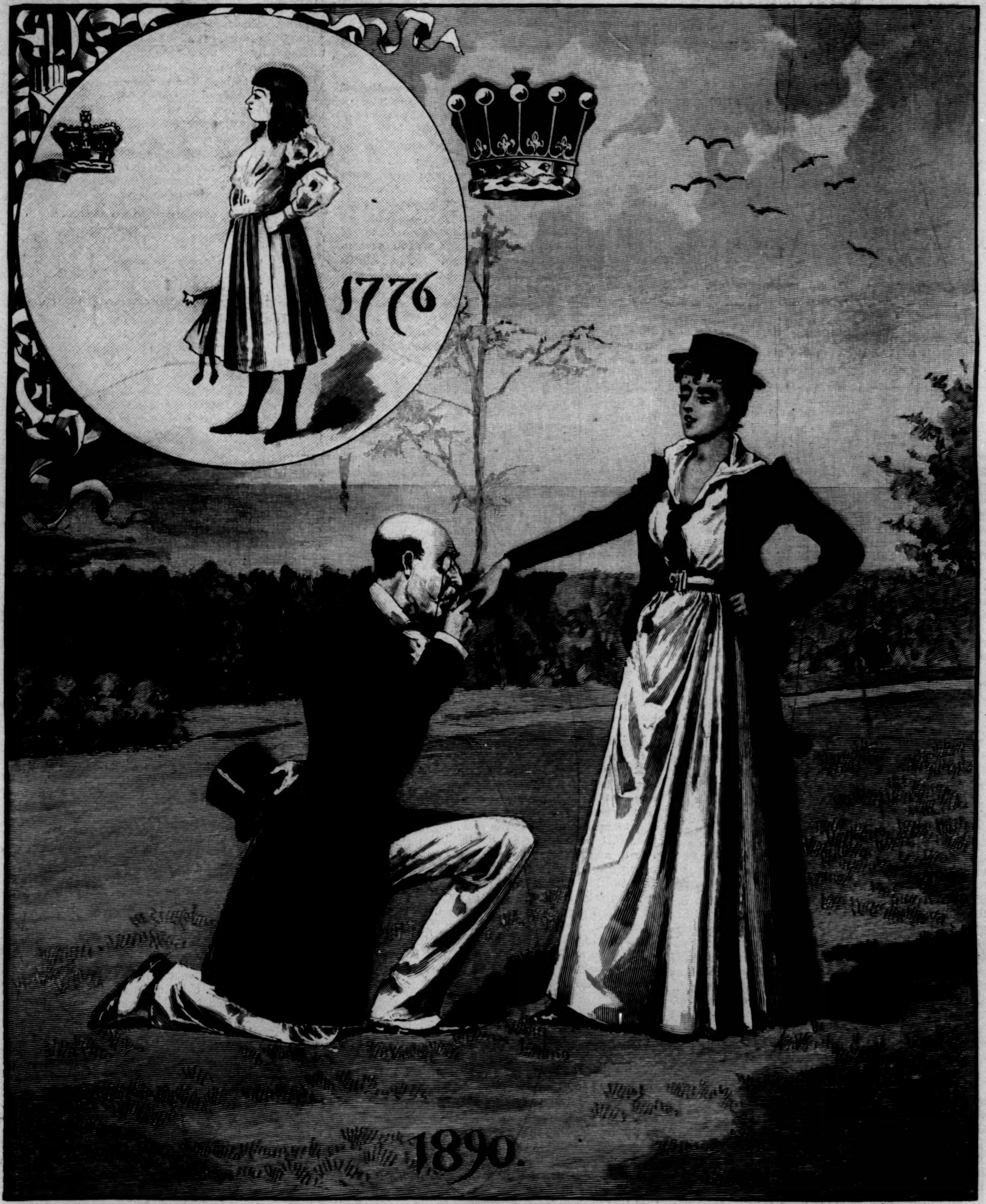
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXIV.—No. 1750.
Copyright, 1890, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



TWO NEW NOVELS.

I.
An Ideal of Womanhood,
GIVEN IN
ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.
A Romance of To-Day.
BY WALTER BESANT,
Author of "Herr Paulus," "The Children of Gibeon," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," etc.
Illustrated.
Library Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; Popular Edition, 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

II.
Contemporaneous Antiquity.
THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.
A Mexican Romance.
BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.
Illustrated
BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.
1 Vol., Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.

No. 1750.
HARPER'S WEEKLY,
WITH COVER, AND
SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING AN ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON THE SCOTTISH ELEMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

RECIPROCITY WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

THE statement that Mr. Blaine had warmly denounced some provisions of the McKinley bill seemed to be confirmed by the publication of his letter of June 4th to the President, favoring reciprocity with the South-American republics. The statement, if correct, showed so serious a difference of view among Republican leaders that some explanation was evidently desirable. It came in the form of an authorized explanation from Mr. William E. Curtis, who is officially connected with the State Department. From this explanation it appears that the views of Mr. Blaine upon the bill as reported are essentially different from those of some other Republican leaders, while the remarks in the committee-room, which had been represented as warm even to heat, were treated as jocular and chaffing. This incident, the three hundred changes which are said to have been made in the bill by the Senate committee, and the intermittent action in regard to the duty on hides and on works of art, disclose a condition of feeling which makes the passage of the bill extremely doubtful.

The letter of Mr. Blaine is a plea for reciprocity with the South-American states. He regrets that hides and sugar were made free in the McKinley tariff, because that course deprived us of the only substantial concessions that we could offer those states for admitting our products free. Mr. Blaine's South-American policy is reciprocity. It would admit the products of the Southern republics free if they would admit ours upon the same terms. This would be free-trade with South America; practically the same freedom of trade that prevails among the States of the Union. Mr. Blaine thinks that the time has arrived when the United States must either produce less or sell more, and that South America offers the only possible market for our surplus products; that is to say, although the McKinley tariff would levy an average duty rate of 52.80 per cent. as against the highest war tariff rate of 48.63 per cent., still it would not provide an adequate home market, and we must seek a market elsewhere. The duties levied upon our products by the Southern nations are practically prohibitory, and reciprocity alone will open them to advantageous exchange with the United States.

This is a simple and strong argument. But it is not confined in its conclusions to this continent. It is for our advantage to exchange commodities with South America not because it is South America, but because we can supply what South America wants in exchange for what South America can supply to the United States, and it is for our mutual advantage to exchange without the obstruction of duties. It is the natural law of trade, which is reciprocity. Wherever markets can be opened for our redundant productions by a policy of reciprocity, upon the reasoning of Mr. Blaine's letter, that policy would be wise. By an error of the telegraph a portion of President Harrison's message transmitting Mr. Blaine's letter was published as a part of the letter. The following passage of the message did not seem inharmonious with the letter, as it implies, in accordance with Mr. Blaine's views, that our present policy leads to over-production, and that if a remedy is not found in wider markets the cost of production must be reduced. "It will certainly be time enough," the President says, "for us to consider whether we must cheapen the cost of production by cheapening labor, in order to gain access to the South-American markets when we have fairly tried the effect of established and reliable steam communication and of convenient methods of money exchanges," together with a rebate of duties upon imported raw material for manufactures for export. This, of course, is an admission that protection is by no means a self-regulating policy so far as wages are concerned, and that the demand of the home market does not respond to the supply artificially fostered by protection.

THE BRAZILIAN CONSTITUTION.

THE new Constitution which has been promulgated in Brazil is not an instrument already adopted by the people, but one prepared to be submitted to the Constitutional Assembly which the people will elect. The formation of the Constitution, its adoption by the provisional government, and promulgation to the country, all show that the new order in Brazil is not so much a popular movement as a military revolution. The people will probably acquiesce, but their acceptance of a fundamental law issuing from the present government is their acquiescence in an act of the existing authority. The Brazilians are not essentially a republican or self-governing people, and it will be an interesting study, that of the adoption by a people wholly unused to free institutions, of a Constitution framed very closely upon our own. The new instrument is said to have been framed by the ablest counsellors and students of political science in the country, who are alleged to represent fairly the ability and experience of Brazil. It is supposed that it will be adopted without delay or debate, as the necessity of legalizing a government is universally felt.

The general summary of the new scheme is given as follows:

> "Parliamentarism ceases. Brazil adopts the American system of a responsible Executive, with Secretaries responsible only to him and to the people. The Senator or Deputy who is chosen a Secretary loses his seat. The first election of the President will be by Congress, but the Constitution establishes that this election subsequently shall be by means of electors. The people select electors in proportion to their delegation in Congress. Each State has a separate meeting of its electors on the same day and at the same hour. If no citizen shall obtain an absolute majority of the Electoral College, then Congress shall elect, choosing from three persons who may have the largest number of votes. After this, in case no one is yet elected, Congress shall again vote, dropping the third name and voting for the two who have the largest number of votes, so that the President-elect shall have an absolute majority of the votes cast. The President shall be elected for six years, and shall be ineligible for the next ten years succeeding his term of office. The Secretaries of State are ineligible for the Presidency during their terms of office. The President of the Senate shall be the Vice-President of the republic. In case of the absence or death of the President, his office shall be filled by the Vice-President, next by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, next by the Vice-President of the Senate, and lastly by the President of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice."

This scheme shows both the good faith of the provisional authority and its confidence in the practicability of our system for Brazil. Upon the acceptance of the Constitution there will be sixty-three Senators elected for nine years, and two hundred Representatives for three years. There seems to be no reason to apprehend that the new system will not be peacefully adopted and put into operation, and it is fair to assume that the members of the provisional administration will be largely continued under the Constitution. The situation recalls that which has become familiar in France, but without the disorder to which French political revolutionists have accustomed us. Certainly thus far the change in Brazil is unique in history, and shows the willingness of the country to accept the new order. It is one of the most interesting of political experiments, and will be watched with hope and confidence.

MR. JUSTICE HARLAN AND THE PRESS.

MR. JUSTICE HARLAN, of the Supreme Court, in a recent address before the Law College of the University of Wisconsin, takes a cheerful view both of the moral condition of the country and of the efficiency of the press as promoting public virtue. "It is almost impossible in this country," he says, "as long as the press is not muzzled, for corruption to hold sway for any great length of time." The Justice proceeded to say that the standard of public morality is higher than it was twenty-five years ago, and that the membership of Congress is of a higher grade, and that this in very large part is due to the vigilance of the press.

The press is naturally inclined to agree with Mr. Justice Harlan. Undoubtedly it was never so efficient as it is now, and the reason is that it was never so independent. The older newspapers were either neutral, expressing no opinions upon public questions which might give offence to any reader, or they were merely party organs, always praising one party, its representatives and measures, and uniformly depreciating those of the other. But as newspapers become great properties they say what they think without fear of party, and discover that concern for the public welfare is as profitable as devotion to mere party interest. This, in turn, reveals the fact that while active politicians are always vehemently asserting that in a country governed by party everybody must be a vigorous party man, yet an immense body of citizens do in fact "belong to a party a little," and consider public questions upon their merits, and vote upon their own judgment and not that of others.

The facts which illustrate the remarks of Justice Harlan, although not mentioned by him, are very striking. The reforms which the newspapers have wrought in New York alone are many and great; and undoubtedly the more strenuously they have been pressed, the more profitable the newspapers have found their course to be. The courage and ability which have been displayed in some of these contests with intrenched abuses, and in pushing reforms like the Australian election law, are without precedent in the annals of the American press. The press led in the overthrow of the Tweed Ring, and every great movement of political reform and purification may now count upon its aid. Its motives doubtless are mixed, and there is plenty of occasion for severe censure. But careful reflection will probably justify the feeling of Justice Harlan that the press was never a more powerful influence for public morality than it is to-day.

THE SILVER BILL.

UPON the question of agreeing to the Senate's free-silver coinage bill there was a vote in the House of 287 Representatives. Of these, 135 voted to agree, and 152 against agreeing. The majority was only 17. Partywise, the affirmative vote was 112 Democrats and 23 Republicans; the negative was 130 Republicans and 22 Democrats. The 23 Republicans were almost wholly from beyond the Mississippi. The suggestion, upon the earlier vote of reference, that the anti-free-silver Democrats by voting against their convictions could have gained a party advantage by alienating free-silver support from the Republicans in the autumn elections, is beneath contempt. It is because of such suggestions and such action that the party system is so often despicable. It is the preference of party interest to the public welfare that often makes the partisan a dangerous citizen. All such suggestions, and the question of the parliamentary propriety of the Speaker's course in referring the bill, do not relieve the Democratic party of the responsibility attaching to this free-coinage vote. Senator Edmunds was perfectly right in saying in effect that the free-silver Republican Senators were catspaws of Democratic leaders, and Mr. Mills, who since the departure of Mr. Carlisle for the Senate is the Democratic leader in the House, frankly avows his support of the free-silver policy. The twenty-two Democratic Representatives separated from their party upon this bill as unequivocally as the twenty-three Republican Representatives from theirs.

The question at issue in the bill cannot be called a small question or a side issue. It is one of the greatest importance, involving consequences of the financial situation which no statistician can foresee. It is not a question of less interest than the tariff, and whatever may be a man's views of a tariff, whether primarily for revenue or for protection, he will certainly be very slow to identify himself with a party which supports the Senate free-silver bill merely because it calls itself also a tariff reform party. Parties are not only justly estimated by the character of the measures which they advocate, and of the representative candidates whom they select, but they acquire a general organic character as a body of citizens to be more or less trusted in emergencies, without regard to specific measures or to individual rascalities. It is this quality, not the abstract views held by its leaders, which mainly determines the position of the Democratic party. Upon questions involving political, moral, or financial reform and progress, the presumption is generally felt to be against it.

The President would undoubtedly veto what is called a free-silver bill. We say undoubtedly, because it is hardly possible that he does not know the conscience and intelligence of his party to be opposed to such a measure, and he would trust to that knowledge as General Grant trusted under similar circumstances. If, as is supposed, a veto would exasperate and alienate, and even lose some extreme Western States to the Republicans, the conduct of Speaker Reed is manly and honorable in concentrating upon himself all the ill feeling and hostility of the silver interest, because Mr. Reed is by far the most rising man in his party at the moment, and may justly anticipate its favor in the National Convention for any aspirations that he may entertain. Meanwhile the possible and alleged bargains between friends of free silver and friends of the McKinley tariff naturally disturb the public mind, and the uncertainty both of the passage of either and of the consequences of both if they become laws disastrously agitates commercial circles. The situation is not reassuring for either party, but for legislation the Republican party is responsible.

THE PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The action of the Republican Convention of Pennsylvania is the most extraordinary action upon record of an intelligent body of American freemen. Mr. Quay is accused by some of the most reputable journals in the country, and the accusation is trenchantly urged upon the country by one of the most eminent citizens of Pennsylvania as imperatively demanding explanation, of criminally tampering with the public money while a State officer. The charges are made in detail. Figures and names and circumstances are plainly mentioned. Mr. Quay is invited and defied to sue for libel; he is taunted in terms as a thief. No honorable public man in our history, not Washington himself, would have allowed such charges so made to pass absolutely unnoticed. When a whisper of suspicion of official malfeasance was breathed against Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, he met it instantly and silenced it forever, but at an unspeakable cost of private feeling.

There is no doubt whatever that by an immense number of his fellow-citizens, including a very large part of the members of his own party, the charges are believed as they are made. If unfounded, nothing could be easier than to disprove them, and to bring the libellous papers to exemplary punishment, amid the general applause of the country. But Mr. Quay preserves an unbroken silence, and the Republicans of Pennsylvania in their Convention, with entire unanimity and without debate, declare their lasting gratitude, respect, and confidence for him as a citizen and a public officer, specifying particularly his service in the offices in which his dishonesty is alleged.

This abject abasement of a Convention to a man under such circumstances is entirely without precedent. It asks and receives no explanation, and does the will of a party leader as passively and ignobly as a Siamese courtier crawls upon his stomach toward his King. The declarations of such a body upon public questions are of no importance whatever, because if Mr. Quay, under existing circumstances, is its type of a public officer to be trusted and applauded, it is indifferent to honest government.

PATRONAGE, FAT, FLOATERS, AND SOAP.

A Democratic citizen of Louisiana, whom Artemus Ward would certainly have described as "amoosin'," writes to a newspaper of "the blunder of electing a man to the Presidency who, with all the Federal patronage at his command, did not have the political sagacity to lead his party to victory in 1888." A principle of public policy was never more plainly presented than by the defeated candidate of 1888. But he lost the election, says the ingenuous gentleman from Louisiana, because he did not buy votes with patronage.

But if skill and profusion in buying votes are to determine the Presidential election, what is the sense of supposing that an election indicates the will of the people? If the defeated candidate had done as the Louisiana gentleman would have advised, and had bought his election by patronage, the result might have been a victory for "soap," but not for a revenue tariff. It would have thrown no light whatever upon public conviction or desire in regard to protection.

Doubtless in his friendly political talks the gentleman from Louisiana has warmly anathematized the floaters in blocks of five, and the fat that was fried out of manufacturers, and perhaps, in his more fervent moments, the bargains of the Hill Democrats in New York. But he ought not to complain except of superior shrewdness at his own game. "Fat" and "soap" and "floaters" are merely forms of bribery, of bargain and sale, like patronage. A man who complains that his candidate did not use his patronage wisely, merely groans that he did not soap and fry skilfully. It is, however, as upon reflection the gentleman from Louisiana will probably admit, not the highest view of a Presidential election. He will even agree, perhaps, that a man who deplores that an election was not bought is the very poorest kind of American citizen.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

There is no better type of the American volunteer soldier than General and Senator Hawley, of Connecticut. He served most gallantly in the war for the Union, and there is no truer Republican in the best sense. His election by the Republican Senate as its President would have been of distinct service to his party as showing the kind of Republican whom it delighted to honor. Soldiers like Senator Hawley and President Andrews, whose words we quoted last week, have too long permitted themselves to be misrepresented by demagogues and traders in patriotism.

But Senator Hawley's few and trenchant words recently spoken in the Senate have the eloquence of American conviction. Every soldier whose heart does not respond to them is an unworthy American. It is because the spirit which animates them was the spirit of the great multitude of Union soldiers that the good cause prevailed. "The true soldiers of the republic," he said, "do not want to have money wasted. They want to have their suffering comrades aided, and they want the glory of having fought for their country without respect to money considerations."

Senator Ingalls, whom for some inscrutable reason the Republican Senators have selected as their representative, regards a pension as a debt due under a contract, and thinks that every veteran, however vigorous in health and comfortable in circumstances, and whatever his term of service, ought to be paid for enlisting, remarking that he "did not care whether it cost one hundred millions or one thousand millions." It must be hard for self-respecting Senators sometimes that common courtesy prevents them from plainly expressing their opinion of a fellow-Senator.

AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY.

The House Committee on Reform in the Civil Service has an excellent opportunity to obtain accurate information and to make a useful report. Mr. Roosevelt, for the Commission, invited the committee to learn by personal inspection of the records and reports and examination papers at the rooms of the Commission precisely what is done, exactly what the examinations are, and the practical results of the reformed system in the departments at Washington. Mr. Roosevelt states plainly, what the committee can readily understand, that in the local offices throughout the country, often under the supervision of heads of offices who are either uninterested or uninformed or actually hostile, there is the widest difference observable in the results of the reformed system.

Mr. Roosevelt would relieve the local offices of much drudgery by marking the examination papers at Washington, which could be done by a force of ten examiners, and he would appoint upon the local boards examiners who are not in the service. Mr. Jenckes, who had made careful studies upon the subject, and who was a man of large practical experience and great common-sense, always insisted that as soon as practicable this course must be pursued. The examiners are then entirely independent. There is not even the form of coercion, to say nothing of the fact of coercion, which was illustrated in the Shedy case.

There is one fact of which inquiry will assure the committee—that the statements of the most intelligent public officers in important positions, such as ex-Collectors Robertson of New York and Saltonstall of Boston, ex-Naval Officer Burt, and ex-Postmaster-General James, formerly Postmaster of New York, establish beyond question the convenience and great value to the service of the reformed system. Their testimony, with others, like Mr Graves, formerly head of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving in Washington, is conclusive. The committee could have no more intelligent guide in their inquiry into the details of the system than Mr. Roosevelt, and they could not suspect in him any feeling or purpose unfriendly to the party of administration.

CROKER AND THE COMMITTEE.

The return of Richard Croker to give testimony before the Senate Investigating Committee has not thrown any fresh light upon the inquiry. McCann made statements which Croker denied, and Grant made statements which Croker confirmed without explaining, and with a suspicious revival of memory. At Wiesbaden he could remember nothing about the remarkable gifts of Grant to his daughter, or only that they were unimportant. But Grant having admitted that they amounted to ten thousand dollars, Croker in New York remembers all about it. Neither Grant nor Croker, however, explains the reason of such extraordinary generosity.

It is notorious that Tammany Hall is a machine for enabling a ring of professional politicians to live luxuriously upon public money collected as taxes and distributed as patronage. Its transactions are pecuniary. It sells offices and assesses office-holders of every degree. Croker is the head of the machine, but, judging from his testimony, he knows nothing of its methods. He admits that as an Alderman, sworn to discharge certain public duties, he signed an agreement to vote as another man should dictate—a man who fled from justice. His statements, like all the important testimony in the investigation thus far given, has no value as evidence except so far as it may be corroborated. But as an illustration of the government of the second or third city in the world, the situation disclosed by the investigation is astounding.

Having heard the statements of Croker, which were all anticipated, the proceedings were suspended. Croker probably will return to Europe, and the committee will not reassemble until the autumn. No valid reason is given for this curious intermission, and speculation is naturally rife. It is even asked by some newspapers whether there will be any more meetings of the committee. But, however that may be, the inquiry has been worth while. It has effectually dispelled any glamours that may have gathered about a mercenary conspiracy so long and constantly discredited as that known as Tammany Hall. It has renewed the conviction of all good citizens that their first practical duty in city affairs is to oppose Tammany measures and Tammany men.

THE NEXT CITY ELECTION.

The beginning of the independent movement for honest city government in New York was very auspicious. A meeting of intelligent and public-spirited citizens, representing every party and interest, was held, a brief and simple declaration was adopted, and a committee of seventy-five members was appointed, with a view to nominate a citizens' ticket for the autumn municipal election. The committee is composed of well-known citizens whose names command public confidence, and who, with the immense facilities for such action afforded by the new ballot law, can certainly organize and conduct the local movement without too severe a tax upon their time, labor, or money. The committee is continued after the election to provide for the permanent separation of municipal administration from national politics.

The declaration is as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the disclosures of this winter make a fresh appeal to our citizens to emancipate the city from the ignoble domination under which a whole generation has suffered.

"*Resolved*, That the recent State legislation gives our citizens an unprecedented opportunity of electing capable men, who shall be free to administer their offices as public trusts.

"*Resolved*, That to this end all citizens, irrespective of their national politics, be asked to unite in the discharge of this common civic duty, to the end that the fair fame of our city be cleared, its business interests be fostered, and the physical, mental, and moral welfare of our whole people be cherished.

"*Resolved*, That a committee of seventy-five be appointed, with a view to nominate a People's ticket for the autumn and to promote its election.

"*Resolved*, That this committee be empowered to add to its membership delegates from such business bodies, professional associations, labor organizations, etc., as may be disposed to affiliate with this movement, either directly or by forming within themselves municipal reform clubs.

"*Resolved*, That this committee be continued after the fall election to consider and perfect plans for the proportionate representation of the various commercial, industrial, and professional associations of the city in a municipal reform committee, in this way providing for the permanent divorce of municipal affairs from national politics, and for the improvement of our civic system, to the end that there may be a 'government of the city, by the city, and for the city.'"

There have been similar movements before, and they have not been generally successful at the election, mainly for two reasons—their entanglement with party politics, and the enormous labor imposed under the then existing conditions of elections upon voluntary and temporary committees. The present effort is relieved of both these obstructions. Its defeat will be sought by those who wish to retain the divisions of national politics in city affairs in the multiplication of independent tickets, which is made feasible by the new law. But this attempt will be easily baffled if the great body of citizens, to whatever party attached, who desire an honest and efficient management of city affairs will discountenance all efforts to pervert the election to partisan ends and to divide and scatter the vote.

PERSONAL.

Miss Agnes Repplier, the essayist, is about thirty-five years old, and belongs to one of Philadelphia's old families. Her dark eyes, hair, and complexion and her vivacious manner betray her French extraction. While somewhat retiring in her disposition and studious in her habits, she is a brilliant conversationalist, and is much appreciated when she goes into society.

—The friends of ex-Secretary of the Navy Whitney will be disposed to poke fun at him for permitting a London thief to rob him of a scarf-pin and a sum of money at the Ascot races the other day.

—Leslie Stephen, the well-known English critic, is visiting James Russell Lowell and other friends at Cambridge, Massachusetts. This is the third time he has been in this country, and he says he has come now simply to see a few of his friends. He does not intend to travel.

—Judge James Lawrenson, who was for fifty-seven years an employé of the United States postal service, has just died at his home in Baltimore at the age of ninety years. He was appointed during President Jackson's administration, and in his capacity as a notary of public swore in all the Postmaster-Generals from that time to the present, the names of the officials being recorded in the Bible which he used.

—One would naturally suppose that there are few persons better acquainted with the methods pursued in the speculative wheat business than the famous Chicago operator B. P. Hutchinson, commonly known as "Old Hutch." He is also a discriminating reader of current literature, and recently paid a high compliment to Mr. Lathrop's new novel, *Would You Kill Him?* by expressing his surprise and admiration at the manner in which the operations and "corners" of the market are depicted in that volume. He affirmed that the author had "got it almost exactly right. And while I was reading that part," he continued, "I wondered how he had learned so much about it. But when I came to the place where he describes Michigan Avenue and the old fleet of grain ships, I said to myself, 'Why, he's been there!'"

—The Rev. Edson W. Burr, pastor of St. James's Methodist-Episcopal Church at Elizabeth, New Jersey, has received the degree of D.D. from his *alma mater*, Wesleyan University.

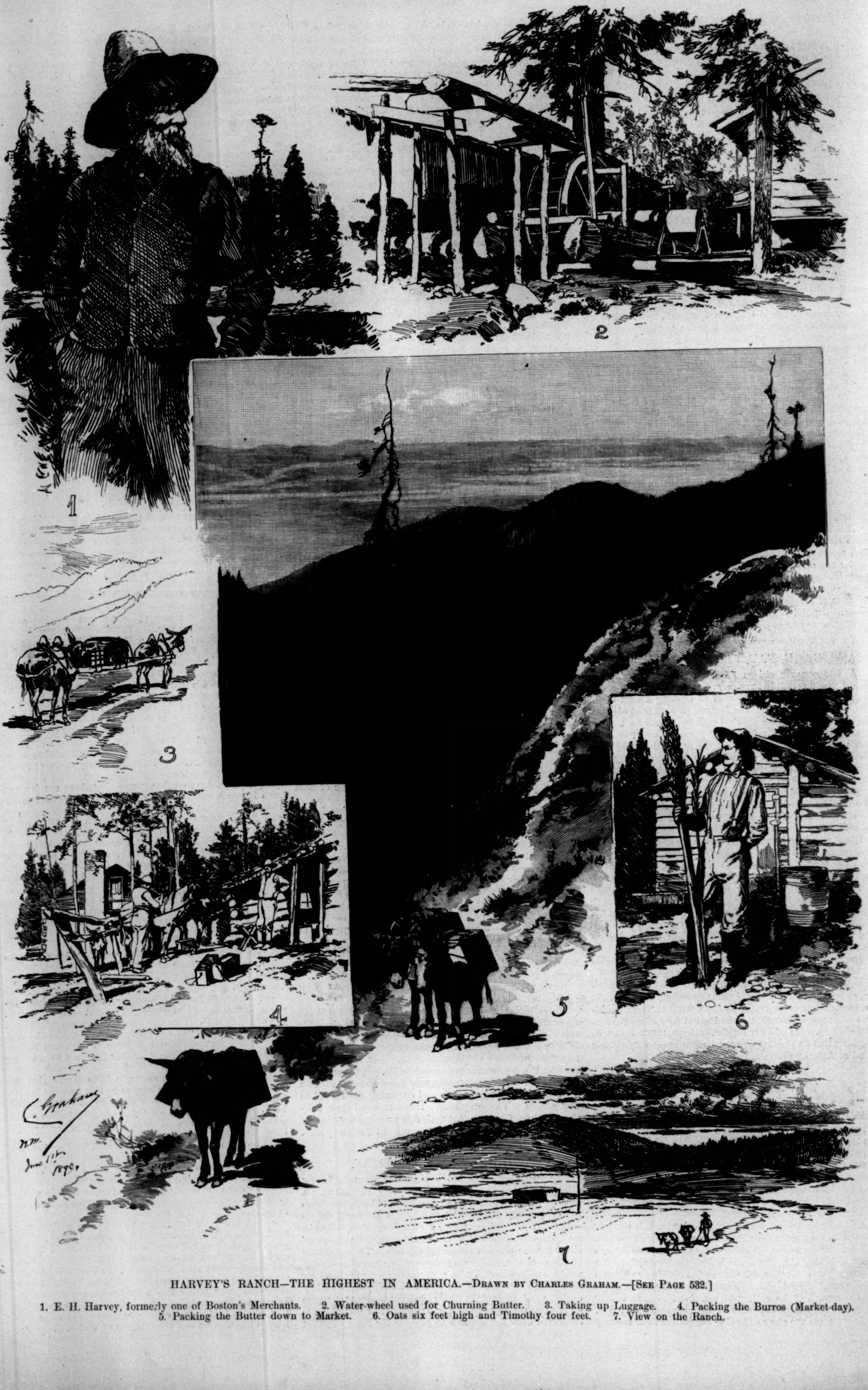
—Thackeray had a broken nose, the result, as has generally been supposed, of a school-boy fight with the late G. S. Venables, Q. C. This fact has recently been established in a letter from a brother of the nose-breaker, who also says that Thackeray adopted the name of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" because the great artist's face had been disfigured in the same way.

—Careful investigation seems to have shown that the longest-graduated college alumnus in this country is Rev. Dr. Herman Halsey, of East Wilson, Niagara County, New York. He was graduated from Williams in 1811, and is ninety-seven years old. Although quite feeble and nearly blind, he is in comfortable health.

—There is a flourishing Japanese club in New York, of which nearly every native of Japan in the city is a member. The President is the present Vice-Consul, Teijiro Kito, who is thirty-six years old and married.

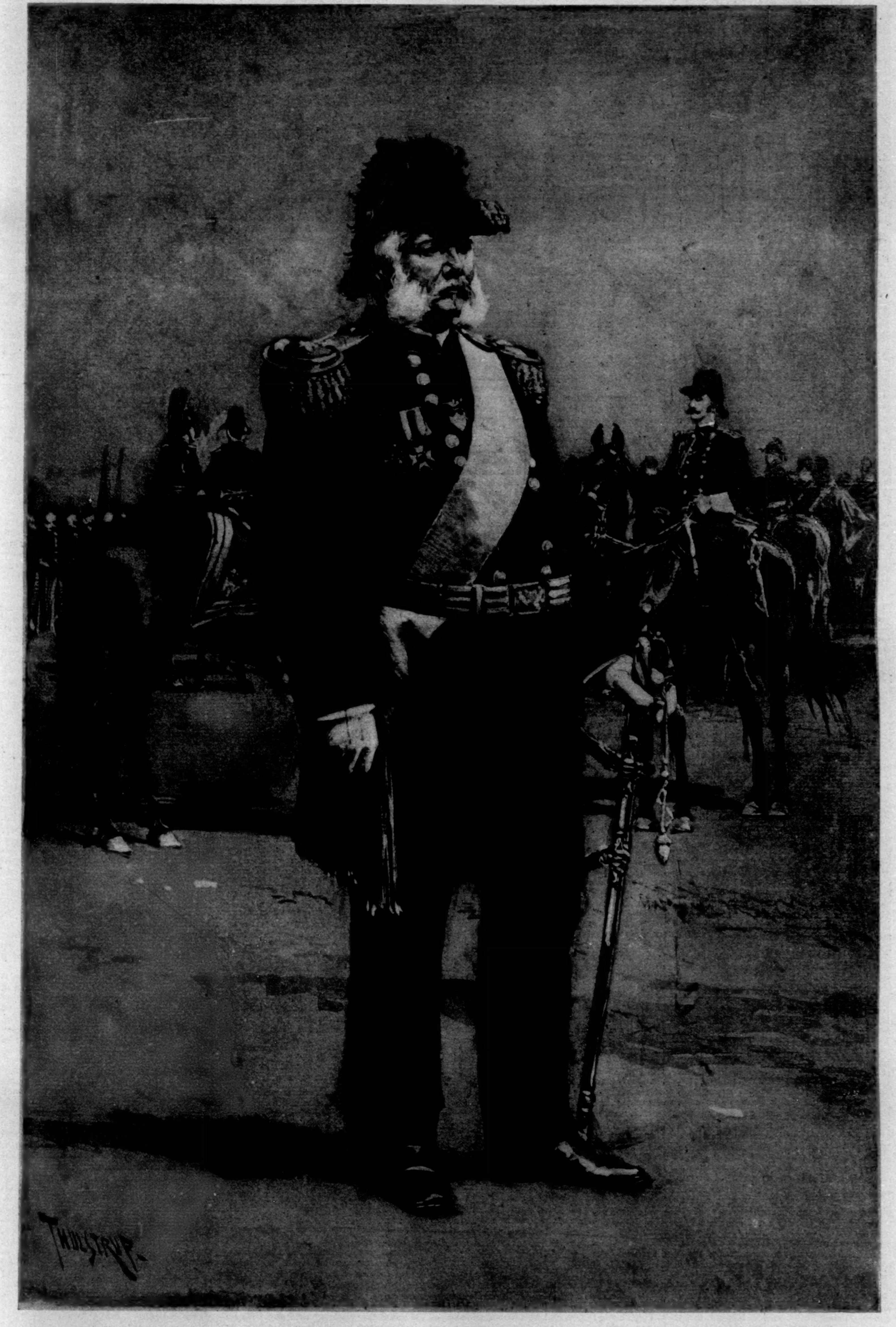
—Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), who lives in a pretty cottage near New Haven, Connecticut, finds much in life to enjoy, even if he is sixty-eight years old.

—Miss Dorothy Tennant, who is to marry Henry M. Stanley, is a tall, robust, and handsome woman. Some years ago she and her sister, now Mrs. Frederick Myers, sat for Millias's twin pictures, now called "Yes" and "No," but known when on exhibition at the Royal Academy as "The Blue Girl" and "The Red Girl," Miss Tennant being the blue. Her father was a parliamentary lawyer, who left the family an ample fortune. She has the entrée of the best circles in London society, and numbers among her friends Gladstone and the Princess of Wales. Miss Tennant's engagement to Stanley dates back to the last time he was in England before his present visit.



HARPER'S RANCH—THE HIGHEST IN AMERICA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 532.]

1. E. H. Harvey, formerly one of Boston's Merchants. 2. Water-wheel used for Churning Butter. 3. Taking up Luggage. 4. Packing the Burros (Market-day). 5. Packing the Butter down to Market. 6. Oats six feet high and Timothy four feet. 7. View on the Ranch.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.
Drawn from Life by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 522.]

THE "FOREIGN ELEMENT" IN NEW YORK CITY.

(Continued from page 516, Supplement.)

identified with the flower trade of New York than the veteran Isaac Buchanan's, who may be said to be the father of the industry? Among manufacturers we have the great carpet house of the Sloanes still with us; the great thread houses of the Clarkes and the Coatses, represented by the Auchinclosses, the Russells, and others; the great cotton, spinning, and weaving house of the Lyalls; the great tobacco houses of Straiton & Storm and of Buchanan & Lyall (the former just merged in a great joint-stock arrangement). Mr. John Straiton, an Edinburgh man by birth, and brought up in Heriot's Hospital, retired some time since from the tobacco trade in favor of his sons. Unable, however, to be idle, he is a director of the Lincoln Bank; and as treasurer of the Yuengling Brewery he is rapidly restoring the fortunes of that concern. Among booksellers, there is the great establishment of the Leggat Brothers, the largest of the kind in America. Among publishers there are such houses as Armstrong & Son, the Munros, and the Bonners, for Robert Bonner's nationality has only been slightly qualified by what may be called residence abroad. Among architects we have such men as the Jardines, who are leaving the impress of their genius on the city in the shape of churches and palatial buildings; and the venerable Renwick, who has done so much to adorn New York, and whose latest work is his greatest, has imperishably linked his name with the most magnificent and most gorgeous building in the city—the grand cathedral pile which adorns Fifth Avenue. Among physicians and surgeons there are several prominent Scottish names; and it was only recently that the nationality could boast of such men as Dr. R. K. Colville (Scottish-born) and Dr. J. Murray Carnochan, who, in addition to his Scottish education, had a large amount of Scottish blood in his veins. Among clergymen, there is Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, a host in himself, famous alike as author and preacher; there was until very lately another preacher of might, Dr. Ormiston, of the Reformed Dutch Church; and there is, in the Scotch-Irish connection, Dr. Hamilton, of the Scottish Church, in Fourteenth Street, and Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church—a church very largely composed of wealthy Scotsmen.

With the exception of Dr. Ormiston, these clergymen are all in active duty. Some three years ago the condition of the doctor's health was such that he deemed it his duty to resign his charge, and take such rest as his active temperament would allow him. Dr. Ormiston was born in the parish of Symington, Lanarkshire, Scotland, came to Canada when about thirteen years of age, studied for the ministry, and before he came to New York had been minister of the Presbyterian church at Hamilton, Canada West, for about thirteen years. In 1870 he became one of the ministers of the Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church of New York. Dr. Ormiston is a ripe scholar, and in the days of his vigor he had few rivals in the pulpit.

It is a common saying that the Scottish people are clannish. Why should they not be? The family is small, and the experience has been special, and well fitted to endear the members to each other. It is doubtful, however, whether they are more clannish than their neighbors. If clannishness is to be taken in the sense of personal self-sacrifice for the good or comfort of another member or other members of the nationality, I am willing to question whether they are in the least in advance of other races. If it is to be taken in the sense that they have a liking for each other's company, and that they are fairly and reasonably helpful in the mass, then clannish they undoubtedly are. The national organizations are numerous: the St. Andrew's Society, the Caledonian Club, the Thistle Benevolent Association, the Burns Society, curling clubs, and the like. Towering above all others in ambition and resources is the St. Andrew's Society. This society is partly social and partly benevolent. Organized first of all in 1756, its meetings were suspended during the war of the Revolution from 1775 to 1784, and its records during that period are wanting. In the last-named year the society was resurrected, its constitution was revised and amended, and from that time there has been no intermission either in its meetings or in its work. From its commencement its members have consisted of what might be called the aristocracy of the nationality. There are three classes of members: honorary, life, and resident. Membership is open to Scotsmen born, sons or grandsons, or sons of resident members. The election is by ballot, and the consent of three-fourths is necessary to make an election valid. The officers are president, two vice-presidents, six managers, two chaplains, a physician, a treasurer, a secretary, and an assistant secretary. There are two funds—what is known as the Permanent Fund, and what is known as the Centennial Fund, the latter having been established on the occasion of the celebration of the centennial of the society. There is an almoner, whose duty it is to attend to applicants for aid and to distribute the charity. The society has beds and other privileges in St. Luke's Hospital, and it owns a burial plot at Cypress Hills Cemetery. The market value of the Permanent Fund, which is carefully invested, is close upon $50,000. The membership at present is about 400. Quarterly meetings are held by the office-bearers for the transaction of business, and there is once a year a grand festival, when the members and their friends come together "to eat, drink, and be merry." The platform on such occasions is generally well filled with city magnates, including the Mayor and the presidents of sister societies. The dinner is generally held at Delmonico's on the last day of November. On the roll of the society are many distinguished names, and bequests from many of these have made the work of the society comparatively light. Among the earlier presidents are such names as Philip Livingstone, the Earl of Stirling, Lord Drummond, R. R. Livingstone, Walter Rutherford, Robert Lenox, and others; and in later times the office has been filled by such men as Hugh Maxwell, David Hadden, Richard Irvin, Adam Norrie, William Wood, Robert Gordon, James Brand, John Taylor Johnstone, John S. Kennedy, Walter Watson, and Bryce Gray. The last-named is the present occupant of the office. Mr. Gray is a native of Scotland, having been born in Glasgow. He came when quite young to this continent, settling first in Boston. Coming to New York, he found employment in the Dundee house of James F. White & Co., and gradually rose until he became the recognized head of the New York establishment, a position which he worthily holds to-day.

Prominent among St. Andrew's men, and prominent in various capacities in New York for forty-six years, has been Mr. William Wood. Mr. Wood from the first took kindly to the city of his adoption. In many ways he has been identified with the development and progress of the city, but his name will be most enduringly associated with her educational institutions. As President of the Board of Education, his name was for many years familiar as a household word. Mr. Wood was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and was educated at her university. Connected with some of the best mercantile families of the city, he was tempted to enter upon a business career, and while yet a young man he became the New York representative of the once famous house of James & Alexander Denniston & Co. At the ripe age of eighty-two years, Mr. Wood enjoys his books and his friends; and ardent New-Yorker as he is, he likes to talk of the land of his birth—of her lochs and straths and hills, of her learned professors, of her eloquent divines, and of the wit and lore of her legal luminaries.

The Caledonian Club, which has become well known to the general public through its annual games, is not quite so venerable an institution, having been organized only in 1856. It has a threefold object—the preservation of the ancient literature and costume, and the encouragement and practice of the ancient games of Scotland; the establishment of a library and gymnasium, and the employment of lecturers before the association; and charity, which in its amount, character, and mode of distribution shall be dependent on the will of the majority of its members. The officers of the club are: president, or chief; a vice-president, or first chieftain; a treasurer, or second chieftain; a recording secretary, or third chieftain; a corresponding secretary, or fourth chieftain; a financial secretary, or fifth chieftain. The membership is open to Scotsmen, sons of Scotsmen, or the sons of members, who shall have attained the age of eighteen years. No one can be admitted who is under eighteen years or over fifty, and who is not in sound health. The club held its meetings for a time at the corner of Spring and Crosby streets. Later they found more suitable accommodation in Sullivan Street, where they remained until 1879, when they removed into their present commodious and comfortable home in Horatio Street, built and furnished at an expense of over $30,000. There the requirements of the society are fully met. In addition to the lecture-room, the library, and the gymnasium, there are numerous parlors suitable for committee and other such work. Almost since the date of organization the games have been duly cared for. Latterly such has been their success that they have become a sort of public institution, commanding the patronage not of the nationality only, but of large numbers of the outside public. The picturesque costumes of the chief and his chieftains, the races, the leaping, the tossing of the caber, the putting of the stone, the quoiting, the dancing, and the excellent order which is maintained, all lend attraction; and the crowds which annually on the first Thursday of September flock to Jones's Wood are among the largest to be seen in that neighborhood during the whole course of the year. The club has not been forgetful of charity; and while it has paid off all its indebtedness in the matter of the new house, it has been able to give many hundreds of dollars to the deserving poor. The association has been true to all its obligations but one. I am not aware that it has yet done much in the way of preserving the ancient literature, or that it is able to do anything. Among the men who have served the society in the capacity of chief have been Alexander Frazer, William Manson, David McLellan, George Mitchell, Charles Nicholson, Henry G. Thomson, John S. Dingwall, John Young, James West, John Taylor, William Hogg, and Andrew Halladay.

The Thistle Benevolent Society away back in the early years of the century made a much larger figure in New York society than it now does. Its balls were at one time famous, and were attended by the *élite* of the community, large revenues being the result. The society, although maintaining a quieter existence, continues to have its annual balls and to dispense its charity. It has latterly been somewhat overshadowed by its bigger sisters, the St. Andrew's and the Caledonian.

There is a natural affinity between soldiering and "kilts." The "kilt" was from the first a feature of the annual Caledonian games and of the annual Thistle balls, and by-and-by what was known as the Scottish Guard was organized. In 1859 the Guard developed into the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, and in 1861 this regiment, greatly strengthened, and fired with an honest enthusiasm, offered its services to the government. It was present and suffered at Bull Run; but its ranks were quickly filled, and all through the war the "kilted lads" fought bravely for the Union. The regiment has for some years been disbanded. It had, from first to last, many distinguished men for colonels. Of these, three are still living, Colonel Morrison, Colonel Baird, and Colonel Joseph Laing, who was in command when the regiment was disbanded. We give a portrait of the last-named. Colonel Laing was born in the town of Paisley, Scotland, in 1828. He was taken to Edinburgh when quite young. Under the famous Lizais, of that city, he learned the art of engraving. In 1845 he came to America, and by the time the war broke out he had made quite a little fortune. At Bull Run, Laing was severely wounded in the neck and wrist. He bears his warrior marks bravely, and to-day among the Scotch fraternity there are few better known, more loved, or honored men than honest, kind-hearted Colonel Joe.

The Burns Society, which meets annually to celebrate the memory of the poet, at John Sutherland's, on Liberty Street, is composed for the most part of St. Andrew's men. Over the smoking haggis and choice imported game, not to speak of the well-selected brands of Highland whiskey, you will find on this festive occasion, in this choice retreat, such men as Walter Watson, John S. Kennedy, James Brand, John Paton, William Coverly, one or other of the Hendersons, James Callender, James Lyall, Bryce Gray, Andrew Carnegie, Walter Brand, Duncan McGregor Crerar, and others of greater or less renown. It is a dignified but withal a jolly company. The song goes round, and there is a liberal flow of soul.

The curling interest is represented by some seven clubs—the Caledonian, the New York, the St. Andrew's, the Empire City, the Manhattan, the Thistle, and the American. There are numerous clubs also in the immediate neighborhood—at Yonkers, in Brooklyn, in Jersey City, in Paterson, and in Newark. Curling is one of the most scientific of out-door sports; and Scotsmen in this city and neighborhood are not allowing their right hands, in this particular, to lose their cunning.

It will be gathered from this hasty survey that the Scottish nationality, although small in numbers, has not been in the past, and is not now, unworthily represented in this great metropolitan centre.

MAJOR-GENERAL SCHOFIELD.

To command the army of the United States in immediate succession to Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan is a distinguished honor, and implies a career of distinguished services. Such a career is that of Major-General John McAllister Schofield. Born in Chautauqua County, New York, September 29, 1831, he entered the Military Academy in 1849 from Illinois, where he was then living, and four years later graduated with high honors, standing No. 7 in a class of fifty-four members. James B. McPherson, killed at Atlanta, headed the class. Sill, killed at Murfreesborough; Terrill, killed at Perryville; Chambliss, killed in the Confederate service at Deep Bottom—were among its members, as were several distinguished officers still in our service; while Sheridan, who had belonged to the previous class, passed his final year in that of 1853, graduating No. 34, and Hood was No. 44. Schofield served about two years in Fort Moultrie and in Florida as a Second Lieutenant of the First Artillery; then, as First Lieutenant, he was nearly five years Assistant Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Military Academy. In 1860 he obtained leave of absence, and became Professor of Physics in Washington University, at St. Louis.

There his career was cut short by the outbreak of the civil war. His appointment as Captain in the First Artillery came in May, 1861, and he had already been made Major of the First Missouri Volunteers. He was Chief of Staff to General Nathaniel Lyon during that officer's Missouri campaign, taking part in several minor combats, and in the battle of Wilson's Creek, where Lyon was killed. In the autumn of 1861 he reorganized the First Missouri Volunteers as an artillery regiment; and while so doing hurriedly embarked a battery on a train at St. Louis, and joining the Union forces at Fredericktown, took part in the battle there. On the 21st of November he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers; but for more than two years thereafter the fortune of war kept him out of the great arenas east of the Mississippi, which attracted the chief attention of the country. Throughout the remainder of 1861 and the whole of 1862 and 1863 he was in command of the Missouri militia, or of the Army of the Frontier, and of various geographical districts in that region, and finally of the Department of the Missouri, having been made Major-General of Volunteers November 29, 1862.

In the spring of 1864, with Sherman's Georgia campaign, came General Schofield's opportunity for more conspicuous field service against the enemy. He was assigned to the command of the Department of the Ohio and of the Twenty-third Corps. This corps, with Stoneman's cavalry division, made up what was called the Army of the Ohio. Sherman's field forces present for battle consisted of the Army of the Cumberland, under General George H. Thomas, 60,773 men and 130 guns; the Army of the Tennessee, under General McPherson, 24,465 men and 96 guns; the Army of the Ohio, under General Schofield, 13,559 men and 28 guns. In addition there were large cavalry forces not then present—those of Stoneman, for example, attached to Schofield's command, being about 4000 strong. Moving from Chattanooga with Sherman against Johnston early in May, General Schofield took part with his command in the entire Atlanta campaign, including notably the attack on Buzzard's Roost, the engagements at Resaca, Dallas, Lost Mountain, Kulp's Farm, Kenesaw, the passage of the Chattahoochee, the various battles around Atlanta, and the capture of that place at the beginning of September.

Scarcely had this great victory been gained than its fruits were imperilled by a bold stroke of Hood, the Confederate successor of Johnston. Marching northward, Hood broke Sherman's line of supplies by railroad, captured some of his garrisons, and prepared to transfer the war to Tennessee. Sherman determined to push through to Savannah, and to intrust to Thomas the task of defending Tennessee against Hood. The Twenty-third and the Fourth corps, under Schofield, were promptly assigned by Thomas to confront the advancing Confederates until enough additional force could be collected at Nashville to risk a decisive battle. Schofield accordingly fell back, skirmishing, from Pulaski to Columbia; there again resisted Hood's advance, and when the latter threatened to flank him, continued his skilful retreat to Spring Hill, and after fighting there, safely reached Franklin, eighteen miles from Nashville. Franklin is on the south bank of the Harpeth River, in a horseshoe bend of such a character that Schofield, though far inferior to Hood in numbers, could cover the village with both flanks resting on the stream, the Fourth Corps being on his right, the Twenty-third on his left, and Wilson's cavalry on the opposite bank, guarding the fords. On the 30th of November Hood assaulted this position, which the troops had hastily but effectively fortified with a parapet of logs and earth. At first he gained a success in the capture of a portion of Wagner's division, which was too far in advance; but a series of desperate charges upon the main line were repulsed, with a loss of 5550 killed and wounded, and 702 prisoners, while Schofield's loss was only 1222 killed and wounded, and 1104 prisoners. Six Confederate generals were killed on the field, including Cleburne; six others were wounded, and one captured; and the character of the fighting was shown by an unusual proportion of killed on the Confederate side. The battle lasted until after dark; and during the night Schofield again put his troops in motion, and the following day safely reached Nashville. He had entirely fulfilled the purpose assigned to him, had delivered a staggering blow at Hood, which cost the latter 6252 men, while his own loss was only 2326, and had gained all needed time for Thomas, whose eagerly awaited re-enforcements began to arrive at Nashville the very next day. The battle of Franklin will always, therefore, be the one principally associated with Schofield's fame. He received the brevet of Major-General in the regular army "for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Franklin," and his commission as Brigadier-General in the army was also dated on that day.

On the 15th and 16th of December General Schofield commanded the Twenty-third Corps during the great and decisive battle of Nashville, in which Thomas almost destroyed Hood's army as an organized force. The prisoners taken numbered 4500. Then a new field of operations was opened. The victory at Nashville had been quickly followed by Sherman's "Christmas gift" of Savannah to the nation, and that officer had planned a march through the Carolinas. To co-operate with this it was determined to detach a portion of Thomas's army, which no longer had an organized enemy in its front. Schofield's Twenty-third Corps, then 15,000 strong, was selected for this purpose, and was moved, with all its baggage and guns, by rail to Washington within the space of fourteen days, and thence by transport to the mouth of Cape Fear River, where it arrived on the 8th of February, 1865. Put in charge of the Department of North Carolina, General Schofield first captured Fort Anderson, on the river approaches to Wilmington, and then occupied the latter city. Transferring his line of advance to the Neuse, he then ascended that river from New Berne, and after a sharp battle with Bragg's forces at Kinston, on the 10th of March, moved toward Goldsborough, whither Terry had meanwhile marched, under his orders, from Wilmington. On the 22d of March Schofield's forces formed a junction with those of General Sherman, which had come up from Savannah, and when, on the

26th of April, Johnston's army surrendered, the duty of receiving its arms and issuing the paroles was intrusted to Schofield.

Immediately after the war, in June, 1865, General Schofield visited Europe, with instructions from the State Department relating to the occupation of Mexico by French troops. Returning the following summer, he was assigned to command the Department of the Potomac, and then the First Military District, with head-quarters at Richmond. In June, 1868, President Johnson appointed him to succeed Secretary Stanton as Secretary of War, and he so remained until the following March, when, with the promotion of Sherman to be General of the Army, Schofield was promoted to be Major-General, and soon after was assigned to the command of the Department of Missouri, and then to the Division of the Pacific, which latter he held from 1870 to 1876. Then during five years he was Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, and after a brief service in charge of the Division of the Gulf, passed a year in Europe. He had charge of the Division of the Pacific from 1882 to 1883; of the Division of the Missouri from 1883 to 1886; and of the Division of the Atlantic from 1886 to 1888. In August, 1888, the death of General Sheridan brought him, as senior Major-General, to the command of the army, with head-quarters at Washington.

The foregoing sketch of the career of this eminent soldier would not be complete without some allusion to the many professional services he has rendered apart from the duties of his various commands. These include a special mission to the Hawaiian Islands early in 1873, and the presidencies of several very important Boards of Officers, including the board that adopted the Tactics now in use, the Fitz-John Porter Board of 1878, and the Board on Ordnance and Fortifications, still in active operation. General Schofield has kept himself informed of the advances made by the profession of arms, and his sound judgment and clear perception of what is desirable and what is possible of accomplishment make him well suited to the high office he now fills. His influence on the legislation of Congress is also apparent. President Cleveland, in a solitary exception to his uniform rule of not making appointments to Second Lieutenancies in the line from civil life, appointed one of General Schofield's sons to be a Lieutenant in the Fourth Cavalry. A brother of General Schofield is also an officer of the army, and the name is likely to be long preserved on the active list after his own retirement for age in 1895.

A GREAT LONDON MARKET.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE Duke of Bedford owns Covent Garden Market—the same duke whose signs in at least one street in London announce to the public that it is allowed to go from one place to another "by his gracious permission." Billingsgate, where the fish is sold, used to be the most notorious of London's markets—the word famous is scarcely the term to apply to a London market—but it has been rebuilt and improved to a degree that leaves Covent Garden unrivalled as a resort for those who enjoy sight-seeing at or before daybreak. Some explanation is in order, I know, from any right-minded man not a stall-owner in the market who performs such a feat, and in my case the answer shall be prompt and full. It is partly that I was recommended by a number of Americans to put up at the Tavistock Hotel—Americans who had done so themselves, and did not know that a stranger could scarcely go amiss in registering at any other well-known hotel in London in preference to that. Having been there, I have the same cause for gratitude as the man who fell into an excavation in a roadway and remarked that "now he knew where that hole was." The Tavistock has an immense American patronage. It and all the surroundings of Covent Garden are gilded to the fancy of cultured visitors with literary and artistic associations, kept fresh in mind by advertising hand-books, but not by any except modernized landmarks. All this is equally true of a full score of neighborhoods in London, to which no sensible man would go to live if he was paid to do so. As to Covent Garden, it is a little off the beaten track; it is hemmed around by wretchedness and squalor, and on three nights of the week preceding market-days a racket such as pales all conceit of bedlam renders it as fit a place for sleeping as the ring of Barnum's show during a performance. On the other four nights you must climb from two to five flights of stairs in an old-fashioned house where women are not boarded, and light yourself to bed with a candle. The hotel quarters are above some stores, and the enterprise that thrusts pamphlets about the historic glories of the neighborhood upon you is so far spent at that exertion that none is left for elevators or gas-lights.

Covent Garden is the great vegetable market, and is a structure as heavy and big as the Tombs prison, with a roof of glass and iron. The neighborhood is enclosed by hotels, some of them large ones, like the Tavistock, Bedford, and Hummums. It is the last place for hotels, but these are patronized by countrymen and country families and foreigners. They depend on the force of habit and fame in slow localities. The lodgers in these hotels know of positive knowledge that the market-days are Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and that the rattle, clatter, roar, and din thereof begin at one o'clock in the morning, when the resonant wagons, the brazen-lunged farmers, the quarrelsome coster-mongers, and the heavily shod horses make what the old poets used to call "the welkin" ring. What these unfortunate lodgers do not know is that less than half a mile away, in Northumberland Avenue, by Trafalgar Square, they can live for less money in the grandest, most palatial, and completely modern hotels in the world—edifices of stone and marble and onyx, without literary associations, it is true, but with elevators and electric lights and brilliant public rooms, and the softening, civilizing, beautifying presence of women.

But Covent Garden is worth seeing. When the roar is at its height—from four to seven o'clock in the morning—is the best time. We all gathered there at six, with complexions like those one sees in the horse-cars at home at the same gas-lit (and ghastly) hour, with red unwilling eyes, and nothing to sustain us but tea, the Tavistock coffee being viler than English coffee usually is, because it bore date of the day before. The market takes up a block by itself, with four streets around it, each two blocks long, so that nothing in New York is precisely like it. Not only were these eight blocks around the building cluttered with wagons from which the horses had been unhitched, but for one or two blocks away every street leading to the market was similarly choked, or half-choked, since there was always a gullet or passage for the teams of coster-mongers or shop-keepers coming and going. Such a clutter and confusion I never saw. It was worse than that at Washington Market, because the region monopolized was far greater.

It really looked like a garden, though of a most peculiar sort. Above the wagons rose many mountain ranges of vegetables, whose scent and color filled the lower atmosphere, and sated very pleasantly two of the senses. It was a garden on wheels, with the vegetables in peaks and hillocks, mounds and pyramids. It made a scene as gay with color as ever any that was put upon theatrical boards. There was every shade of green in it, from the very whitish green of the squashes to the dark greens of the onion stalks and the carrot leaves. There were bands of the yellow of melons, and splashes of the red of carrots; the onions made flag-like stripes of white and green, and the other vegetables showed red and green, and brown and green, and purple, pink, and gray.

With queer perversity, where nearly everything seems cumbrous to an American, the farm carts were lighter than ours, for their sides were open, of horizontal slats or upright iron rods. Some wagons were only half the size of ours (like butcher carts), and served as the bases of steeples or obelisks of vegetables. The plebeian roots and commoner things, such as cabbages, were piled in solid heaps, but the "upper classes" of the farm spoils—pease, cresses, beans, berries, and quinces—were in baskets. Remember, this was out-of-doors, in the streets. Half the view was of the "greenery-yellowy" of vegetation, and half was of baskets; very queer ones, shaped like drums, round-sided, shallow, and each as strong as five of ours. Men walked around with towers of these baskets empty on their heads; sometimes a dozen atop of one another, reaching higher than the tops of second-story windows in the side streets.

Men and women swarmed like ants among the wagons—farmers from Surrey and Kent; well-dressed clerks from the commission houses; slovenly city women and frowsy servant-girls; market gardeners' wives, with their waists and armpits close together (or with no waists at all), and their daughters wearing once-best dresses of plush, and the inevitable fur capes one sees all over England. If you are a farmer in England, you must look like a farmer. There is much that is unfair in this, for a queen need not look like a queen, and noblemen may be mistaken for dudes or loafers, as it happens. But farmers, clerks, coster-mongers, and all that ilk are subject to a Medean law, so the farmers wore broad felt hats, and the costers were in their shirt sleeves, and often had on corduroy vests and trousers, as greasy as Broadway in wet weather. In all probability there were more caps around Covent Garden that morning than in America altogether. Everybody was shouting as if they were so many bailiffs serving writs on the inmates of a deaf and dumb asylum.

The roughness of the men in their dealings with the women was noticeable. It always is noticeable to Americans in most circles of English life. Here, at the market, they pushed their women, swore at them, snarled at them, and treated them—well, no better than they treated each other. It was natural, perhaps, in a country where men and women stand shoulder to shoulder drinking in all the bar-rooms. But the women are a match for the men. One woman, well dressed but tipsy, they pelted with pea-pods and leaves, and laughed when she struck at them. But that particular woman licensed masculine treatment, for she was rougher than her tormentors.

"I shall be black and blue myself with the banging about I am getting," said Miss Mabel Griffith, who lent beauty and spirits to our party that morning.

"Pray don't spoil the national colors," said her most ardent admirer. "Be red and white as you are, and blue if you must, but not black."

"Is that pretty, pa?" Mabel inquired, in a tone that answered her own question. It was well it did, for Mr. Griffith was just then dodging a line of coster-mongers, baskets on heads, and did not hear her. Each of the peddlers wore a sort of rough pillow on his head and shoulders to soften the basket edges.

In the market building one of the passageways is lined with stores fronted with plate-glass windows. Here are flowers, loose and in set pieces, grewsome designs executed in everlasting blooms or in wax and paper, bottles of herb essences and drugs, fruits, and the choicest vegetables. It was possible to view this display calmly and without danger of being crushed under the Juggernaut of traffic, and the study was full of interest. The strawberries were all immense, and were often actually larger than the potatoes, which were little ones from Malta. The cucumbers were from one foot long to twice that length. The gooseberries were often larger than small American plums, and though a few were green, most of them had been allowed to ripen for eating as fruit. The tomatoes, smaller than ours but royally red, were packed like the peaches, tenderly in tissue wrappers. The cherries resemble paintings of cherries, the quinces were a deadly green (instead of green and golden like ours), and there were white currants of great size, and big luscious black grapes, and musk-melons so small as to be ridiculous, like undersized turnips at home.

Out-of-doors again, on the farther side of the market, the Appalachian chain of vegetables rose and fell along all the streets. On the banks of the composite stream of animal and vegetable motion—which is to say, on the curb lines—women were selling flowers, leaves for decking fruits and vegetables in front of shops, tea, beef broth, pigs' feet cooked, and tarts. From one of the little hand wagons whereon these goods were offered a pretty girl stepped out, and spoke to Mabel's father, singling out the susceptible widower, as others of her sex, both young and old, so often did in our travels.

"Won't you wear a flower, like me, sir?" she asked, and gave him a regal double chrysanthemum. So one of us was made happy for all that day.

"Among the English," said Mr. Griffith, "even the lower classes are filled with poetry and sentiment." He turned, and threw a third or fourth smile, half paternal and half gallant, at the flower girls. "Did you notice the rude beauty of that child?" he asked of Mabel. "A veritable flower herself."

"A tiger-lily then," said Mabel. "Her face is all mouth."

"Dear! dear!" said her father; "what an inscrutable dispensation it is by which Providence renders women so unjust toward one another! I think the broad rule can be laid down that the men all over the world view their sex generously, fraternally, while everywhere the women are units, each for herself."

"Yes," said Harold—Miss Mabel's most ardent admirer—raising his voice to make sure of Mabel's hearing him, "that is why we think of individual men merely as examples of manhood; but the moment we like a woman *very much* we separate her, as you say she does herself, and reverence her as an angel."

"Bless me!" said the old gentleman; "did you fall in love with that girl who gave me the flower? Why, she did not even look at you. It was I whom she singled out." Then he added, with mischievous humor, "Women often have discernment and taste rarely developed at very tender ages."

"What are 'bobs'?" Mabel asked me, to change the topic.

"Floats on fish lines," said I.

"Oh no," said she; "they all deal in bobs here. So many bob for this, and so many bob for the other. I've heard nothing else all the morning."

"Oh; a bob's a shilling," said I. "That is the English slang for that coin, like our slang word 'nickel' for a five-cent piece. By-the-way, the slang word for a crown among the work-people here in London is our word 'dollar'; and those half-crowns that you say you never will learn to recognize, they call 'half-dollars.'"

Facing Covent Garden Market is still another great emporium, unique in London, unknown to America—the Flower Market. I have touched with a sentence or two upon the strong love of the English for nature, and have told how, no matter in what squalid English precincts you may go, you will be certain everywhere to see flowers in pots upon the window-sills. They love nature. Their long twilights are largely responsible for much of this; for much else that is characteristic of the English—their love for out-door sports, for animals, for the open air. You cross the Channel, and in France find a nation whose children have no games. Of course some one has seen French boys and girls playing their purposeless, unplotted, ridiculously infantile pastime with a little ball, and such an observer thinks to correct me. Nevertheless, they have no games—in our or the English sense of the word. But in England the day's work does not end the day; dinner or supper does not end it. Long after every clerk's work is done, and every merchant has gone home, and every school-boy has had his supper, the light of the sun still illumines the earth, and with a mildness and coolness of temperature that urges every one out-of-doors. While we are around our firesides, or at the theatre, or in the ballroom, they may be playing cricket or foot-ball, or walking, riding, fishing, or boating—living out-of-doors under the very pleasantest conditions. So in the cities the love of nature is not crowded out, trampled out, walled out, or smoked out. It is too strong and well-rooted in the British soul for that. Therefore the poor have their birds and rabbits in cages and their flowers in pots side by side on the window-ledges. And to a degree we know not of in America the men wear flowers in their coat lapels. Some men do so here. You will see hundreds of men so decked, especially uptown and in and around the exchanges down-town, but it is not the rule, and there are districts and large classes of men in New York where and among whom a man wearing a flower is regarded as either effeminate or eccentric. Not so in London. The flower shops are scattered all over the city, and the men, without close regard to wealth or position, drop in after breakfast every morning to buy a penny bud or a threepenny blossom, or the choice of the flower-seller's display for a sixpence.

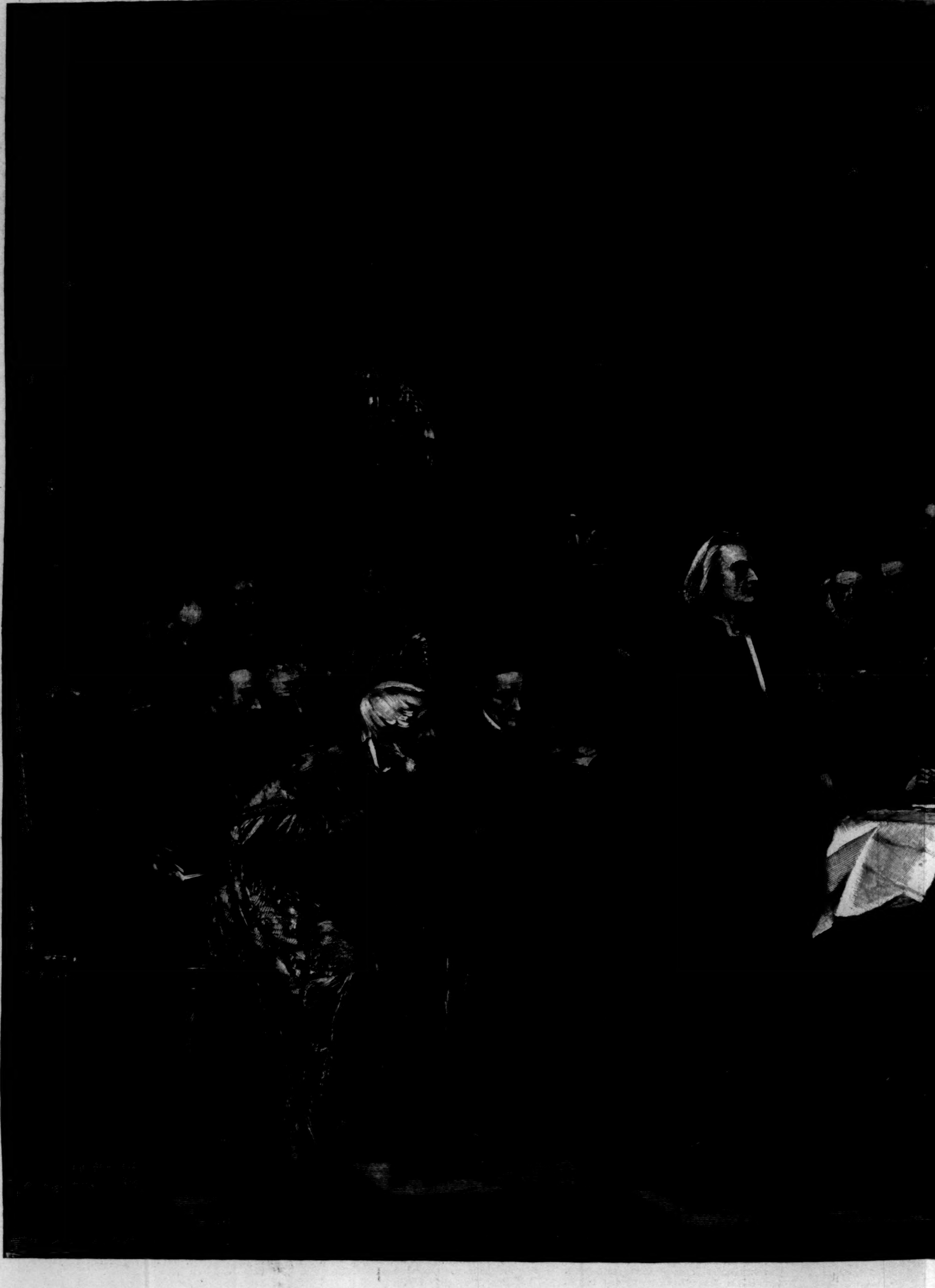
When we entered the London Flower Market the scene was gorgeous, the perfume delicious. The building had been a concert-hall, or something of the sort. It is a large iron structure, barrel-roofed, and glazed overhead, as I recall it. The great open space within was floored with cement, and littered with iron frames and skeleton shelves, which were piled with gorgeous flowers, some cut and flung about in heaps, and some rising like tiny forests out of regiments of pots; some in boxes, and some in baskets. The banks of ferns, the masses of scarlet geraniums, the heaps of chrysanthemums, the military lines of stately lilies, the boxes of orchids in cotton beds, the splashes of heliotrope and splotches of sweet-pea flowers, the heaps of that dear old half-forgotten coxcomb we all once loved, the mounds of cut roses, and the baskets of waxen tuberoses—ah! there was a novel display, a splendid, gorgeous, gaudy scene, a revel in a treasure-house of the jewelry of the fields.

It was quiet in the Flower Market, except for the muffled roar of the vegetable dealers without. And here was a different sort of Londoners also, for the flower merchants were well-dressed, courteous men and women; many of the stands bore women's names, and more than half the buyers were women. I know nothing about it, but I conjectured that many of the shoppers were of the broken-down genteel class, lady-like mothers and daughters, who keep the shops all about the city. I asked where all of the tons upon tons of flowers came from, and was told that, though a small importation is made from France, the bulk of the mammoth stock in that great Exposition-like building is grown within fifty miles of Charing Cross.

As we made our way through the crowded streets, all of us now as bravely decked as Mr. Griffith alone had been before, we were entertained with two pictures of London life which were worth all the morning's exertion. The first was a quarrel between a coster-monger and a merchant. The coster-monger was a wretchedly poor and shabby fellow, rather more like one of the vagrants in the comic opera of *Erminie* than you would believe any actual man ever could be. He said he had purchased three and a half dozens of carrots, and on leaving the market had found that only two and a half dozens had been delivered to him. They are a tricky lot, these street peddlers, and the merchant did not believe this man. At hint of that the coster-monger raised his hand and swore an oath so terrible that Mabel trembled. It was a call upon his Creator for summary and dreadful punishment if he were not telling the truth. Before that oath the merchant's doubts vanished instantly, and he ordered the boy to give the man a dozen carrots. Then this ragged, wretched-looking peddler put a hand into a trousers pocket and brought it out filled with sovereigns. "It's not for the sake of the bloomin' money, y' see," said he; "it's hall on account of me not likin' a bloomin' bit of cheatin'!"

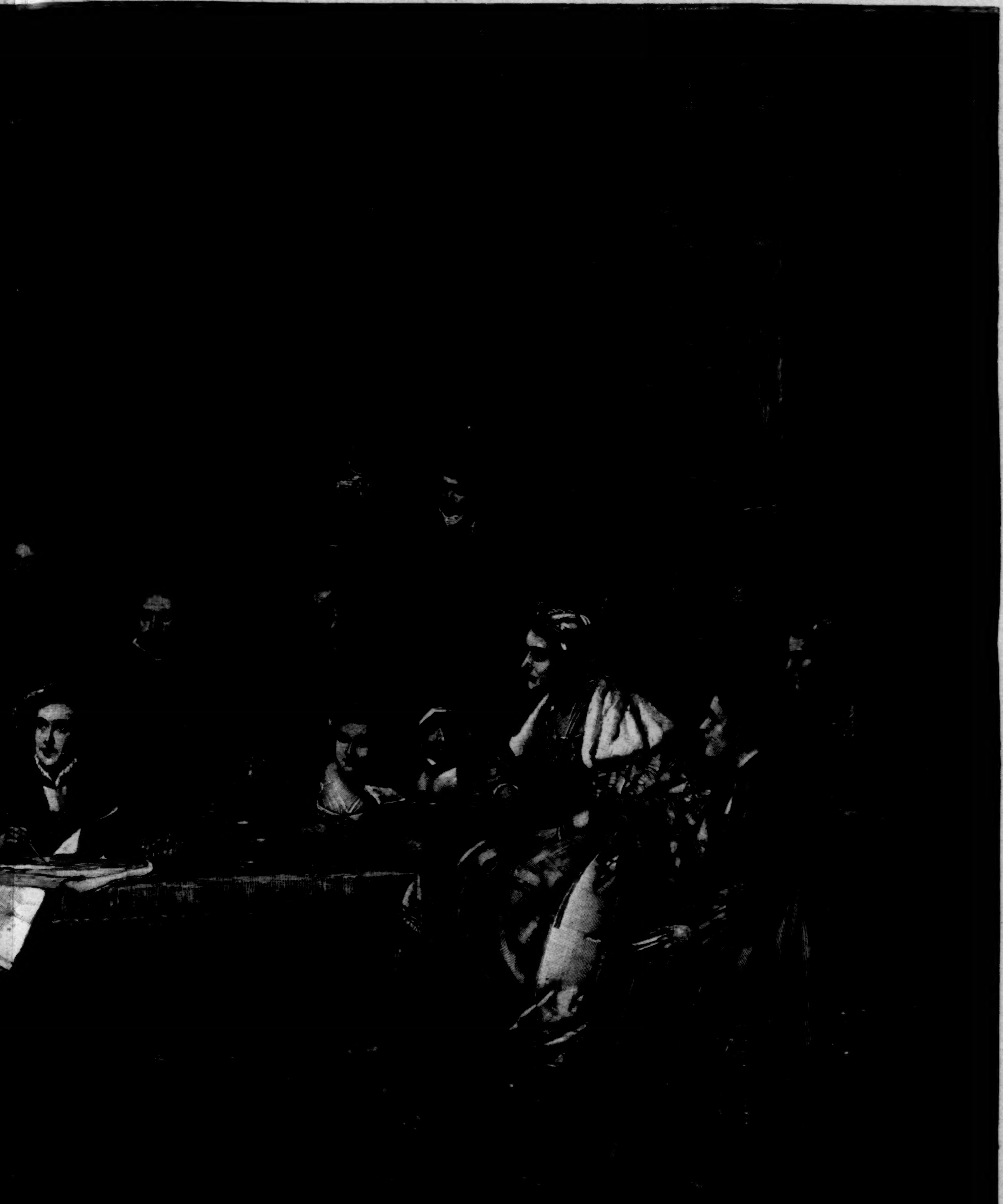
We should not have supposed the man had a half-crown to his name; indeed, he could not have sold his clothes for nearly that sum.

On the next corner there was a policeman in heated argument with two great hulking coster-mongers seated in a little typical two-wheeled donkey cart, their legs hanging over the sides of the cart behind the very tiniest of donkeys. (Poor little donkeys! The smallest of them and the smallest of carts often carry a ton in the streets of London.) The policeman said that the men must turn the cart around, and return as they had come. The men said they could not turn around in that crowded spot. After a great deal of yelling and scolding back and forth, the policeman deliberately advanced, threw his arm over the donkey's back and picked him up clear of the ground. Then he walked around, with the donkey under one arm and the men still seated in the wagon, until he had reversed the position of the vehicle. The donkey took this treatment with no greater expression of alarm or umbrage than was shown in a truly humorous wagging of his long ears.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDI

ENGRAVED BY CH. BAUDE FROM THE PAINTING BY VACSLAV BROZIK I



DINAND THE CATHOLIC AND ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

K IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.—[See Page 527.]

A STROKE OF FORTUNE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"I do wish't you had a little more ambition, Jason," said old Mrs. Winter, plaintively. "I expect you ain't to blame for bein' like your father's folks, and there wa'n't never a Winter that had a mite of faculty nor a tarlent for workin' stiddy; but your father wouldn't have sot down and see the farm all eat up by a mortgage."

She had come from behind the blossoming apple-tree, under which her son was lying with his hat pulled over his eyes, and had taken him unawares. She was a little wiry old woman, whose veins stood out like whipcord over her hands and neck, and even about her hollow temples. She was an energetic woman, and it had been long before her energy degenerated into fretfulness.

Jason was long-limbed and round-shouldered, with fair hair and limpid blue eyes like a girl's. He sat upright, or as nearly so as his stooping shoulders would allow, and pulled his silky mustache shamefacedly at his mother's rebuke. "I'd ought to 'a' trimmed out them currant bushes for ye, mother," he said, looking at her apron full of dry twigs and her trembling old figure.

"I don' know as 'twould have been for me," she said, curtly. "When they was my own bushes 'twa'n't nothin'; it's diffrunt trimmin' other folks's."

"'Tain't jest as if 'twas a stranger, bein' Henrietty's husband," hazarded Jason. "I don't calc'late that he'll feel like disturbin' Henrietty's folks."

"Hain't you got a single mite of proper pride, Jason Winter, that you can say sech a thing as that?" cried his mother, shrilly. "Wa'n't it enough that I had to contend with them meachin' feelin's in your father jest as long as he lived, without havin' 'em over agin in you? Air you willin' to let Eben Whitwell put victuals in your mouth when he hain't had no better chance than what you have? Well, Winters is Winters. Your father was willin' enough that I should look to my folks for victuals and clo's, and I should have had to if I hadn't flew round. But he hadn't no sech tarlents as you have, your poor father hadn't," she added, quickly, evidently feeling some compunction about these reflections upon the dead.

"Why can't she let him alone? She's jawin' him again. I wish't she'd die. When folks are real old and ugly, why don't they?"

This fierce arraignment of old Mrs. Winter and of Providence came from behind the great flowering currant bush by the door-stone, where Lucasty, the hired girl, was lingering, dish towel in hand. Lucasty was sixteen and a waif from the poor-house. She had a graceful black head and a sallow little face with a pair of tawny brown eyes in it. Her figure looked all angles in her skimpy cotton dress. She wore a string of gold beads around her lean little brown throat, and in her ears a pair of showy Rhine-stone ear-rings. Jason had bought the ear-rings for her with careless good-nature the last time he went to market.

"Horse-doctorin' ain't no great of a callin', or it didn't use to be thought so. 'Tain't what I should have chose for my son that I was plannin' to make a minister or a lawyer of, but 'tis consid'able payin', and that young sprig that has took away all your practice has got V. S. on his sign, and wears gold-bowed spe'tacles, and some say he's college-learnt. If you had jest spruced up a little and flew round lively, he couldn't never have got the start of you like that."

"There's consid'able many folks that sends for me yet," said Jason.

"Yes; and who be they? Them that likes your way of doin' business better'n his. They can pay you or not, jest as they've a mind to," said the old woman, indignantly.

Jason half smiled, and colored a guilty acknowledgment of this fact. "I don' know how such folks's horses and cows would get along if it wa'n't for such fools as me," he said.

"If that ain't exactly like your father for all the world!" exclaimed the little old woman, in her high-keyed, insistent voice. "He'd set up all night to tend a sufferin' cretur, and if I was a-screechin' with neuralogy, he'd read away as unconcerned! If he did say, kind of drawlin', 'Now, Lizy, ain't there nothin' 't you can do for it?' 'twas even worse, 'cause 'twould show so plain that he was forcin' himself, and there wa'n't a mite of feelin' in it. And he carried my best nightcaps, with edging on 'em, and some guava jelly that my folks sent me, to old Mis' Fetridge when she was sick. Then when I was sick I hadn't nothin' to console me. But there! he hadn't no faculty, poor man, 'n' his fingers was all thumbs, 'n' he's gone to his rest."

A silence followed the old woman's quavering voice—so deep a one that Lucasty was afraid they would hear her breathing hard with indignation behind the flowering currant bush.

"There ain't no such excuse for you," resumed Mrs. Winter, with rising indignation. "You've got great tarlents for music, and they wouldn't 'a' got Jarvis Mann to keep the singin'-school instid of you if you'd 'a' jest remembered what nights it come on, and kep' up with new ways. *I* kep' up. I went to meetin' 'n' to sewin' circle when I was ready to drop, 'n' I had the minister 'n' his wife to tea, like folks, when I had to walk clearn over to my sister Ann's to borrer teaspoons 'n' tumblers for 'em to drink out of, 'cause we hadn't nothin' but tin dippers. If I hadn't kep' up, do you s'pose Henrietty would ever have married as well as she did? or that Abby Dole would ever have took up with you?"

"I expect you have worked real hard, mother," said Jason, making a whistle of a leaf of striped grass. "Farmin' is poor business."

"Shif'less farmin' is," said Mrs. Winter, concisely. "If you calc'late that Abby Dole is a-comin' here to live on Henrietty's husband's farm—"

"Now, mother, you jest let Abby alone. I'll take care of her," said Jason, good-naturedly, but with a deep flush and a tone of decision.

"She'll take care of you, more likely," said his mother. "I don't see how a high-sperited girl like her puts up with what she does. To be kept comp'ny with for five years, 'n' no nigher bein' married 'n ever she was; not but what a girl is better off keepin' school over to Cumberlan' Ridge 'n' walkin' four miles a day 'n she would be married to *some folks*." Although Mrs. Winter felt a certain satisfaction in the delicate obscurity of this allusion, she immediately marred its effect by adding, "'N' you smart enough to take the meetin'-house orgin to pieces and put it together agin, and to have poetry printed in the paper!"

Jason winced as he had not winced at any previous accusation. He had not revealed to any one the fact that he was the author of "Spring Musings," which had appeared in the poets' corner of the Cumberland *Witness;* but Abby Dole, to whom, in the intoxication of early courtship, he had confided the fact that he wrote poetry, had discovered him, and had told every one.

"I don' know but what a man's got a right to make his own poetry without havin' it everybody's business," he said, surlily.

"You ain't ashamed of nothin' but what you'd ought to be proud of," said his mother, almost with tears. "I don' know but what your oddity is the tryin'est thing about you, Jason."

And then Jason put an end to the interview—poor Mother Winter had long ago lost the happy art of stopping when she was done—by striding off on his lazy-looking long legs, his hands clasped with a nonchalant air on the back of his neck.

"Seems as if you might go 'n' hitch up 'n' fetch Abby home, if you hain't got nothin' else to do. You can't even do up a courtin' like other folks," his mother called after him.

But Jason was too depressed in spirits to consider the subject of "courting." His mother's words had affected him much more than she supposed. Jason cherished a philosophy like that of the old Spaniard who demanded, "Who has seen to-morrow?" but before the vision of Henrietty's husband it failed him. He had disliked Eben Whitwell as long as he could remember, even from the time when his mother had used him to point a moral, because he liked to have his face washed. This abnormal taste still seemed to him the key-note of Eben's character. And his (Jason's) mother still held him up as a model, and found her greatest consolation in the fact that Henrietty had "married well." Jason loitered down the hill from his house, and stopped at the spring beside the road, where he had set a barrel into the ground for the accommodation of wayfaring horses.

"I should like to hold my head in that barrel of water till—till I was beyond bein' beholden to Henrietty's husband," he said to himself, bitterly. "I could do it, too, and that's more than many a one can say that thinks I'm of no account," he added, with a certain pride in the strong will which very few people suspected that he possessed.

His eye wandered to the innumerable hoof marks in the mud around the spring, and his heart warmed with a little sense of comfort. "There's a sight of dumb creturs that I've helped, anyhow," he said. "I must go 'n' see how Jim Myrick's poor old horse is gettin' along."

He walked two miles under a hot sun, almost forgetting his desperate impulse and Henrietty's husband. He had a vague, childish expectation that as things were at their worst, relief must appear.

Tim Myrick, a loose-jointed old farmer, loquacious and jocose in a cracked voice, was in his barn-yard with a commercial traveller who had stopped to obtain some information about the town.

"There he is! There's the feller that cured my horse that you wouldn't 'a' believed could 'a' pulled through. None of them high-toned college-larnt chaps for me when I can get Jason Winter to doctor my horses," shouted the farmer. "'Twas that last stuff you gave him that fetched poor old Billy. Dr. French was up here a-nosin' round the bottle 'n' disputin' with Joe Fickett about its curin' his horse. 'Heaves is heaves,' says Joe Fickett, says he; 'but that stuff cured him,' says he. 'N' he stuck to it."

The commercial traveller looked at Jason curiously, and meditatively lighted a match on the sole of his boot. "Made of lod'num and pennyr'yal?" he asked, facetiously.

"That's tellin', now—ain't it, Jason?" said old Tim Myrick, with a wink.

"More profitable for private practice than it would be to put it on the market?" asked the commercial traveller, after another curious look at Jason.

Old Myrick laughed as at a good joke, but with a saving trace of embarrassment. "Hain't in no danger of bein' kep' out of the kingdom of heaven by your private practice, be you, Jason?" he said, with another wink. "Up here Joppy way we have to kinder help one t'other along without calc'latin' too clost on bein' paid. We ain't like city folks that always has their hands in one t'other's pockets."

"There's money made out of them things," said the commercial traveller, gravely, ignoring old Myrick's pleasantries. "If it 'll really do the biz, there's big money in it—for a man that 'ain't got no flies on him. Of course you've got to have some capital to start with. If you had any folks, now, that would help you to start it—"

"I hain't," said Jason, shortly, with an unpleasant recollection of Henrietty's husband, the only person of means in the family. "I don' know as I should feel to, anyhow. I ain't so much of a hand for sellin' as some."

Jason walked abruptly away, and the commercial traveller tapped his forehead with a look of significant inquiry at the old farmer.

"Well, I don' know as it's quite so much as that," said the ungrateful Myrick, with a laugh. "But he ain't like other folks."

The mild glow of pride in Jason's breast was almost extinguished by the commercial traveller's unpleasantly practical suggestions.

"I ain't no hand for business," he said to himself over and over, as an apology for what he felt to be the weakness of shrinking from having his medicine put upon the market. He heartily enjoyed the secret of its preparation and the manufacture of it in his own small way; there was also something of vanity in his carelessness as to whether he was paid for it or not. He would have liked to be a lordly giver. Perhaps it was not to be expected that the practical Joppa mind should understand Jason.

He found his mother tearfully eating cold dandelion greens for her dinner.

"'Tain't no more'n what I've been expectin'," she remarked. "Henrietty's been here. She was drivin' a new horse 'n' buggy, 'n' she had a black silk dress on; but she says Eben's all rowed up agin, 'n' he's a-goin' to foreclose 'n' sell the farm. She calc'lates I'm a-goin' to live with them, Henrietty doos, but she ain't so much my daughter but what she's Eben Whitwell's wife, 'n' I don' know but what I'd ruther go to my folks, if they ain't rich. I hain't never done nothin' but hang on here, but still it seems hard when it comes. Seems as if anybody that had worked 'n' fit as I have, had ought to have a shelter for their gray hairs."

Jason went out without a word. He forbore to remind his mother of the apparent change in her view of Eben Whitwell. He hoed corn all the afternoon so vigorously that he threatened to uproot the slender young shoots. He gave no heed to the supper bell; but toward night he wandered down into Kittredge's swamp: the tinkle of a bell led him to think that one of the cows had strayed down there where there were dangers from pitfalls and quagmires. When Abby Dole came, breathless with excitement, Jason was nowhere to be found. She poured her story eagerly into old Mrs. Winter's ears. There was close sympathy between old Mrs. Winter and Abby.

"She's a sight like me—like what I was before I was wore out—'n' she's a-goin' to get herself into jest the same pew," the old woman had said to herself (her only confidante) over and over. "She'll want things, and to hold up her head amongst folks, 'n' she'll strain 'n' tug, 'n' it won't be the least mite of use."

The commercial traveller had "put up" at Captain Eli Fitch's, where Abby boarded. He had asked questions about Jason at the supper table. Abby colored a little, remembering all that he had said before Cap'n Eli's slow wink, with a nod in her direction, had stopped him. He had spoken to her after supper privately, as if it were a matter of importance; he had said that she ought to use her influence to induce Jason to place upon the market some horse medicine which had effected remarkable cures. He would be willing to risk giving him a little lift himself, since so many of the towns-people were ready to swear to its virtues. He had a friend in the apothecary line who would push the matter, a man who had no flies on him. Abby, who was naturally prim, used the commercial traveller's slang with most delightful naïveté. It was evident that a commercial traveller who proposed to make Jason's fortune could do no wrong. And there was Henrietta's husband. She had told the commercial traveller of this well-to-do brother-in-law, and he had thought that he might be induced to furnish a little capital. Did Mrs. Winter think that he would? Oh, where was Jason?

Lucasty was despatched in quest of him. Lucasty, watching from her maiden bower in the attic, where every afternoon she made a hasty toilet, consisting of a much-shrunken pink calico dress and a wide lace collar, had seen Jason go into the swamp. Nevertheless Lucasty, after squatting for a while behind a stone wall, from which safe retreat she made faces at the house which contained Jason's sweetheart, permitted herself to return and say, "He ain't nowheres 'round, 'n' I've screeched 'n' screeched, 'n' I don' know where he is."

It was not until they had rehearsed all the probabilities of the case over and over, condoling delicately with each other upon Jason's unlikeness to "other folks," that Jason appeared.

Abby was just repeating for the fifth time what seemed to her one of the most hopeful features of the case: "He said striking advertisements, pictorial and poetical ones, would do a great deal of the business. And I told him that Jason could write them. It seems real providential, doesn't it? I think just the kind of poetry that Jason writes would do. So now you needn't mind, Jason, whether the editors will take it or not; it will be worth a great deal more."

Abby poured forth her story somewhat incoherently, she was so eager, and she did not observe that Jason winced about the poetry. Abby had very sensible theories as to how people ought to feel, and she never in the least expected them to feel otherwise. Jason listened with his eyes on the floor, running his hand dubiously through his curly hair.

"'Twouldn't do to put a high price on it," he said at length. "'Tain't stuff that costs much of anything."

"That's the great advantage of it," cried Abby. "Mr. Sinclair says that sometimes there's ninety per cent. profit in those things."

"I shouldn't feel to make no such a profit as that," said Jason, slowly.

Abby repressed an impatient exclamation. "But you know it's a good thing, and you'd like to have it go all over the world and relieve suffering animals, wouldn't you?" she asked. One couldn't teach the Cumberland Ridge school and "keep company" with Jason Winter for five years without developing some tact.

"If there was such a price put upon it, nothin' but rich folks could buy it," objected Jason.

But in the end he yielded. Before this desirable consummation was effected Abby was obliged to press old Mrs. Winter's foot with her own a great number of times, and perhaps her soft hand on Jason's arm accomplished even more. Abby prided herself upon her skill in managing Jason, but she didn't understand about the poetry.

He dressed himself in his Sunday suit, and went off with Abby to see the commercial traveller. He even promised to ask Eben Whitwell's assistance if necessary. But that was after Abby had allowed him to take her arm—a vulgarity which her soul abhorred—they had no such countrified ways in Holyoke, where she had come from—and had said, poutingly,

"Some people would call me an awful forward girl to come here and urge you to go into business."

"I guess there's more that would think you was an awful foolish girl to care anything about a fellow like me," Jason had said, in answer.

And then Abby had replied, with a soft glance, that "It was a bad habit that she couldn't get rid of."

And Jason had felt the strength to encounter ten Eben Whitwells.

Lucasty, from behind the flowering currant bush, saw the glance, and dropped the glass milk pitcher, which she was wiping, upon the door-stone; and when Mrs. Winter scolded her, she was saucy; and Mrs. Winter boxed her ears and threatened to send her back to the poor-house. And Lucasty wept through the lonely night-watches, feeling her woes to be as deep as any with which the great earth groaned.

Eben Whitwell liked new schemes. If he had not, it is doubtful whether he could have resisted the commercial traveller's eloquence. It was a flow which swept all bulwarks of prudence or timidity before it. Jason saw with surprise that he was regarded with respect by his brother-in-law as the proprietor of a marketable commodity. He tried to hold out against using the poetry; but the commercial traveller was convinced that that was a marketable commodity too, inasmuch as it would aid in the sale of the Great Equine Revivicator (they had not fully decided upon a name, but the commercial traveller had thrown that out as a suggestion), and Jason yielded at length. But when the commercial traveller, who prided himself upon great shrewdness in the matter of advertising, proposed that his (Jason's) portrait should adorn the advertisement, Jason stood firm.

"I ain't a-goin' to be pictered out, nor go round lecturing, not even for Abby's sake, nor yours, nor nothin'," he declared to his mother; and old Mrs. Winter, whose motherly pride would have exulted in seeing Jason's handsome features in the papers, and who had, moreover, a nervous dread lest anything should hinder the success of the Revivicator, knew that her querulous entreaties were useless.

"When you get agin Jason's backbone, nothin' ain't no use," she remarked, pathetically.

It was decided that Jason should manufacture the medicine at first on the old farm; and the summer kitchen and wood-shed were turned into a laboratory, old Mrs. Winter growing young in the preparations.

The commercial traveller predicted that Jason would not remain long in these cramped quarters; he had already drawn plans for a manufactory at Cumberland Village, six stories high and extremely ornate, calculated "to astonish the natives."

The securing of the patent involved some delay, in spite of the fact that Sinclair, the commercial traveller, "had friends at court." But Jason manufactured with a perseverance which astonished his mother; Lucasty put his violin temptingly in his way all in vain; and his mother pasted labels with tireless zeal. Abby often came after school and helped, and her presence stimulated Jason's flagging enthusiasm. Old Mrs. Winter came to the conclusion that Abby, after all, "would never get into such a pew as she had."

"She's got more of a knack of makin' Jason gee than ever I expected she'd have," she remarked several times in the privacy of the string-bean patch, where one could have the comfort of talking to one's self out of the reach of that sharp-eared Lucasty.

If Jason would have allowed himself to be "pictered out" upon the labels her cup of joy would have run over. As it was, she saw her happiest days while the Revivicator was being manufactured; and advertisements—alluring, mysterious, and poetical—were strewn broadcast all over the country. Whenever she walked abroad, she saw all the fences adorned with them. They were flooded with newspapers heralding it; and it was Sinclair's proud boast that rocks far out at sea were telling all civilized nations of Dr. Jason Winter's Equine Revivicator. "Dr." was a prefix used without Jason's knowledge; and he had been angry at first, but Abby liked it particularly, so it was allowed to remain.

Eben Whitwell had not only opened his pockets freely to pay expenses, but he had said, in answer to his mother-in-law's anxious inquiries, that the mortgage upon the farm was of no consequence whatever. Jason could pay that out of the first year's profits. And although the profits came in but slowly at first, and Eben had to be reimbursed, and when the articles of agreement were read over, it proved that Sinclair had so managed as to secure the lion's share, nevertheless Jason was able to pay off the mortgage in less than a year and a half, the house was painted, old Mrs. Winter had green blinds put on to it—her heart's desire for many a long year—and Jason and Abby were to be married on New-Year's Day. Strange to say, after becoming possessed of the green blinds, Mrs. Winter was seized with wildly extravagant desires. She wished to go to Boston to buy a flowered velvet carpet, lace curtains, and a gold watch.

"We'll take her with us on our wedding tour," said Abby, kindly. "She's getting real childish, and I can see that she is failing in every way."

But it happened that a month before the wedding day, old Mrs. Winter went to the sewing circle—she had a black silk dress now, and could "keep up" without effort—and came home in a state of angry excitement. Dr. French had come home; he had been on a long voyage for his health, in a sailing vessel, and had known nothing of what was going on at home. As every one knew, he was in the habit of superintending Joppa affairs. Now what did Jason think he had been poking his nose into? The Equine Revivicator! He had analyzed it, and now he was laughing at it, and telling everywhere that it would neither kill nor cure. It was utterly worthless.

Jason listened in amazed silence. "That can't be true—such healin' herbs; 'n' everybody knows how it worked before ever a mite of it was sold," he said, slowly.

"He says there's only one thing that's of any account in it, and the others kills that, the way they're mixed. You can have him took up, can't you, Jason? A man that don't go to meetin', and is always pullin' down everything! If he didn't tell me once to my face that sarsaparilly wa'n't good for nothin' but a wagon!"

"A vehicle, I guess," said Jason, looking doubtful and abstracted. "Something to take other things 'long of."

"You be goin' to make him stop sayin' such things about the Revivicator, ain't you, Jason? There's folks that's foolish enough to think a sight of what he says."

"I'm goin' up to see him," said Jason, slowly, looking for his hat.

Old Mrs. Winter quivered with anxiety as she looked after him. "Jason won't do nothin' like other folks. He won't stan' right up to him. I'd ought to have gone over to Cumberland to Eben before I said a word to Jason," she said to herself.

As the evening wore on and Jason did not return, the suspense became unendurable. She drew a shawl over her head, and went across the fields to Dr. French's. Jason was just leaving. He stood with the doctor on the porch. They shook hands heartily, and old Mrs. Winter's heart sank within her. There had been a look on Jason's face when he went which she did not understand.

"Have you stood right up to him like a man, Jason?" she called, shrilly, through the darkness. "Be you a-goin' to stop cryin' down the Revivicator, 'n' ruinin' folks that have got a little mite of a chance to breathe at last, Dr. French?"

"Mrs. Winter, I congratulate you upon having an honest man for a son," said the doctor, with great heartiness.

"O Lord!" groaned old Mrs. Winter. "You know he ain't so smart as some, 'n' you've been a-workin' on him."

Jason placed his arm within hers, and drew her trembling old figure to his side.

"You ain't one that would want no ill-gotten gains, mother," he said, soothingly. "I hadn't never ought to have done it. I was too ignorant. I've had my misgivin's lately, studyin' into it a little more. It hain't never hurt 'em, thank the Lord! only so far forth as it's hendered folks from givin' 'em what might have helped 'em. I can't seem to think so much about cheatin' folks as I do about cheatin' the poor dumb creturs. But it's goin' to be all right, so fur as it can be. I don't understand jest how it's goin' to be done, but Dr. French wrote something, 'n' I've signed it, tellin' jest how 'twas, 'n' withdrawin' it from the market. You hadn't ought to feel bad, mother."

"'N' this is how you're a-tryin' to peacify me, Jason Winter, a-tellin' me that we're a-goin' back to poverty 'n' strugglin' 'n' meachin' to Henrietty's husband, jest as I was beginnin' to have things like the rest of my folks—"

Jason caught the quivering old form as it tottered. He thought that she was dead, so white and set was the deeply furrowed old face in the dim light. He carried her home, and laid her in her bed; and she was so ill the next day as to be mercifully unconscious of the excitement which shook Joppa to its foundations. The Cumberland *Witness*, with the enterprise for which it was noted, published an extra edition containing Dr. French's statement concerning the Revivicator, and what people called Jason's confession. Abby had hysterics, and reproached Jason in bitterest terms. In answer to his apologetic "'Twa'n't common honesty, you know, Abby," she replied that "since it could do no harm it was all right; half the patent-medicines were useless, and everybody knew it."

And Jason looked at her with mild wonder, and protested no more. After that the wrath and scorn of Eben Whitwell and Sinclair seemed easy to bear. They adopted a bold policy, contradicting the statements, and advertising the medicine still more extensively. And the prospects that the commercial traveller will get the better of Dr. French are very good.

"People are buying it just as much as ever, and all you've done is to make yourself poor and a laughing-stock," Abby said, scornfully to Jason.

It was not long before it was reported that she was engaged to the commercial traveller. Old Mrs. Winter lingered for several months, talking in her lucid moments of the velvet carpet and the gold watch which she was never to have. She was planning to go to "her folks" for a shelter an hour before she turned her face to the wall and died.

As he came home from his mother's funeral, Jason decided that he would sell the farm to Jo Burbidge, who had offered a fair price for it. All Joppa was hateful to him, even the faces of his friends.

"If I had anybody belongin' to me I should have to stay here," he said to Henrietta, as they parted on that day at the gate. "What I shall get for the farm wouldn't go a great ways anywhere else; but I calc'late 't I can shift for myself."

Jason's heart thrilled at the thought of having the wide world before him. He would take his old fiddle with him, and nothing else.

"That girl will have to go back to the poor-house," said Henrietta. "Nobody but mother would ever put up with her, she's so shiftless. And you'll have to send her away right off, or folks will talk."

"Lucasty! I never thought of her," said Jason to himself. "Poor little cretur!" He leaned over the gate meditatively for a while, and then he went around through the garden path to the kitchen. He found Lucasty divesting herself of the black shawl and the huge mourning bonnet which she had borrowed of old Mrs. Garey at the poor-house to wear to the funeral.

"If you hain't no objection, Lucasty," he said, "I expect it would kind of come handier for you 'n' me to go 'round to the minister's."

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

IN the old eastern gallery of the Metropolitan Museum of Art hangs the large and striking picture by Vacslav Brozik, "Christopher Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella." A double-page engraving of it appears in the present issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. The signing of the contract with Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella on the 17th of April, 1492, at Santa Fe, was a momentous act. It marked the certain beginning of an enterprise which had a profound effect upon the welfare of the human race. Advancing civilization had been rapidly paving the way for it. There are ages of special mental activity in which mankind seems to progress much more swiftly than in others. The present is eminently an era of the kind. The lot of Columbus was cast in another such. He lived not only during the revival of classical and other learning, but stood upon the threshold of the greatest advance of physical knowledge within a given time the world has ever known—our own time, perhaps, excepted. Copernicus was less than forty years his junior. Under the auspices of John II. of Portugal the astrolabe was converted essentially into the quadrant, and this, together with the magnetic compass, gave increased confidence to the mariner. In 1486 the Portuguese had sailed to the southern point of Africa, which they called the Cape of Good Hope, and rightly claimed that they had found the long-sought route to the Asiatic Indies. The Azores, Madeira, and the Canary Islands had been discovered a short time before.

The trade to the East by the Mediterranean was mainly in the hands of the Italians, and in the general development of nautical enterprise Castile and Portugal were forced to turn their eyes to the Atlantic. These two nationalities, after a series of quarrels as to new possessions, made a treaty of division, Portugal securing Madeira, the Azores, and the African coast. Castile took the Canaries and what she might find elsewhere. This apparently losing bargain for the latter confined her to a direction which led to America and the enormous results which followed. At this time, too, what soon became the great empire of Charles V. and Philip II. was founded by the union of Arragon and Castile in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella. Under these monarchs Spain became a united nation, and the career of the Moors in the peninsula, which had lasted for eight centuries, was terminated. It was just at the close of the last Moorish war that Columbus succeeded in gaining royal assent to the supreme project of his life.

The story of the disappointments and delays that preceded his triumph has been told again and again. He was a Genoese, who, having received some instruction, principally in mathematics, when a boy, became a sailor at the age of fourteen. The records of his early adventures are confused and wanting, but at about the age of thirty he went to Portugal, then most noted for its maritime enterprise, and under the flag of that country made numerous voyages. At one time he went as far as Iceland. In this service his faith that land could be reached by going due west grew stronger and stronger, and in vain he urged King John II. to supply him with means of finding it. He must have had an eye to the main chance, however, as the monarch is represented to have thought enough of the idea to secretly send an expedition under another commander to explore the Western ocean, in the hope of securing what was to be found there on better terms than Columbus offered. If so, it must have been in contravention with Portugal's agreement with Spain. King John's captain is reported to have returned with the information that the scheme was hopeless and silly, and the matter was ended so far as that monarch was concerned. Columbus in turn tried Spain, then his native country, and then Spain again.

In the last-named nation two important obstacles which stood in his way were a treasury depleted by the Moorish wars, and the doubt on the part of the clergy as to the orthodoxy of finding out so much about the world. But if the priests stood in his path, it was also to the priests that his success was in part due. Queen Isabella was well inclined to the project, both because she was a broad-minded woman for those days, and particularly because she wanted to save the souls of the heathen. She had religious advisers to strengthen her in the latter view. Ferdinand was reluctant. He pleaded poverty, and also contended that the terms of Columbus were too high. The discoverer of America, visionary as most people then thought him, was a clear-headed man of business, and insisted upon certain conditions in his own interest. He was not so infatuated with his idea as to yield all its advantages to others for the sake of vindicating it. Finally, after certain vain negotiations, he gave up the hope of Spanish aid, and was on his way, as before, to leave the country. Then it was that Isabella settled the matter as to means by declaring, "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." A messenger was despatched to overtake Columbus, and the bargain was concluded. But it was not necessary for the Queen to part with her jewels. St. Angel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues of Arragon, agreed to lend the money, which Ferdinand took good care to recover out of the first importation of gold brought by Columbus from the New World. Financially Castile was responsible for the enterprise, and among Castilians mainly the places of distinction and profit in the development of the new territory were distributed.

The written terms which Columbus insisted upon, and the sovereigns after holding out some time placed their names to, according to Prescott "constituted Christopher Columbus their Admiral, Viceroy, and Governor-General of all such islands and continents as he should discover in the Western ocean, with the privilege of nominating three candidates for the selection of one by the crown for the government of each of these territories. He was to be vested with exclusive right of jurisdiction over all commercial transactions within his admiralty. He was to be entitled to one-tenth of all the products and profits within the limits of his discoveries, and an additional eighth provided he should contribute one-eighth part of the expense." He was also to receive the title of Don, which then meant much more than it does now, for himself and his heirs forever. The eighth part of the expense was defrayed by Columbus through a loan from his friends the Pinzons. The amount ventured by the crown in the undertaking was only seventeen thousand florins, a risk which would be considered of insignificant proportions in the daily business of the New York exchanges.

There is naturally an inclination at this distance to comment unfavorably upon the hesitation of Ferdinand and Isabella in investing so small a sum in so profitable an enterprise as discovering America; but, considering the circumstances, it was a very bold and advanced thing to do, and Isabella at least was decidedly ahead of the times in her day and generation. No other monarch in Europe—if the half-hearted, alleged attempt of John II. of Portugal be passed over—could be induced to take the step so uncertain of results, and she had to overcome the opposition of her husband. Next to Columbus himself should Isabella be honored in whatever ceremonies there may be observed in the coming commemoration of the discovery of the New World. She remained his fast friend, and he wrote of her on his third voyage, "In the midst of the general incredulity the Almighty infused into the Queen, my lady, the spirit of intelligence and energy, and whilst every one else in his ignorance was expatiating on the inconvenience and cost, her Highness approved it, on the contrary, and gave it all the support in her power." It is unfortunate that the name of this noble woman should be connected with the establishment of the worst form of the Holy Inquisition. She protested against it, and tried to escape from the force of the arguments of Torquemada and others in its behalf. But the authority of the Church, and her sense of obedience to it, prevented her from following the dictates of her nature. It is her misfortune that it is difficult for people of one age to attain the true stand-point from which those of another must be judged, if judged correctly.

The picture at the Museum is an idealized representation of the signing of the contract with Columbus. This act of penmanship was probably not performed under the immediate influence of a harangue from the party most concerned to those present, nor, as we have seen, was it necessary for the jewels of Isabella to be produced and displayed there and then to overcome the doubts his Majesty may have had as to the value of the security offered. But both the jewels and Columbus's argument are important features of the idea intended to be conveyed by the canvas, and the painter is necessarily entitled to great license to escape the embarrassments sometimes involved in a lack of simultaneousness on the part of facts. AMOS W. WRIGHT.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

1776 AND 1890.

THAT sturdy little republican girl of one hundred and fourteen years ago, considering dolls and crowns both in the light of playthings, turned up her nose in disdain at the offer of an exchange of a doll for a crown.

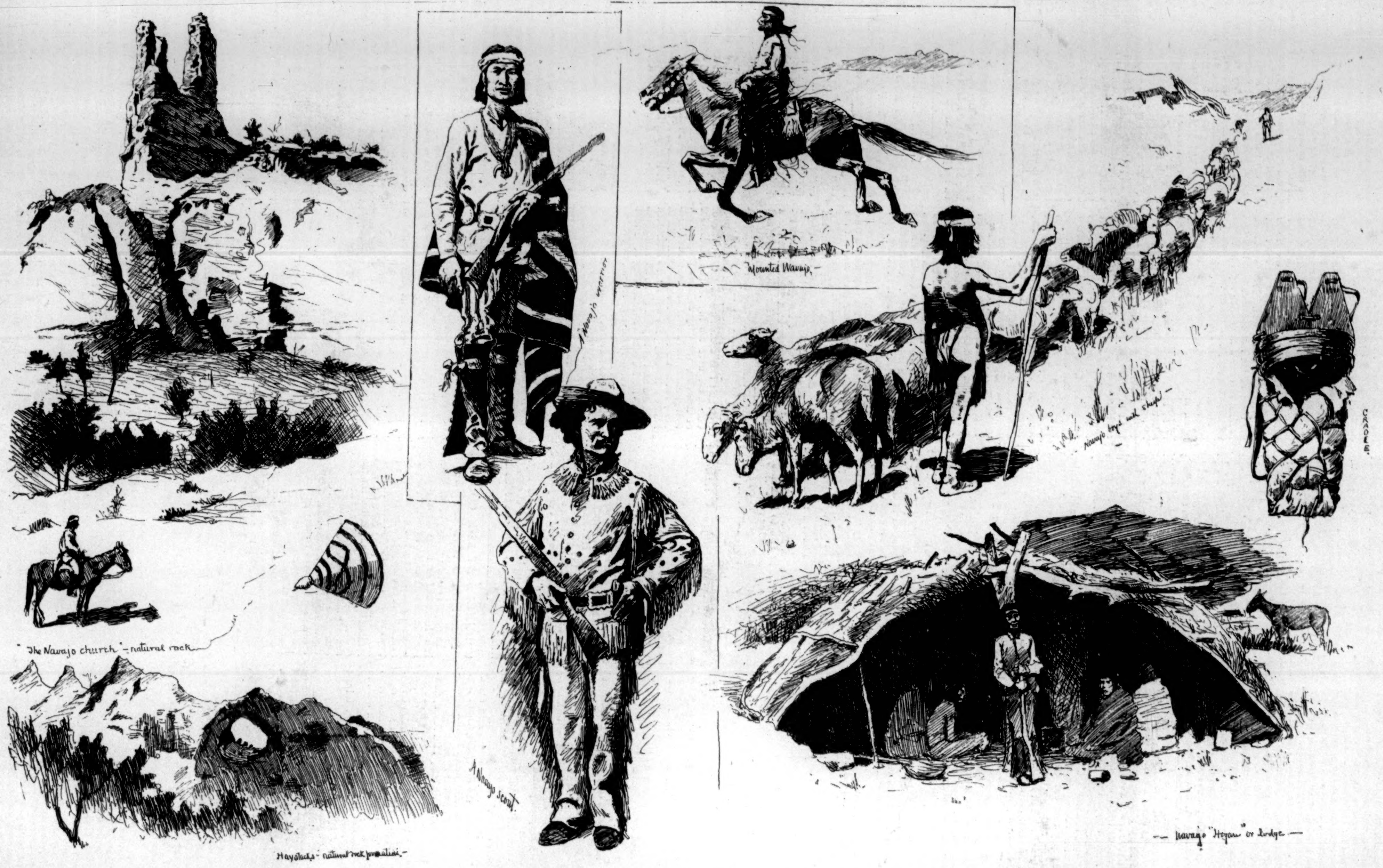
It is not certain, however, whether maidens of tender years in the times of our great-great-grandmothers were less sophisticated than are their great-great-grandchildren of to-day. We might as well incline to the belief that as to natural dispositions there would not be many differences between the very young person of to-day and the one of a former century. But—for there are buts—with maturer years ideas change, in accordance with circumstances. This turning up of the nose by young ladies depends, as far as the offer of a crown goes, very much on the age of the person to whom this highly liberal offer might be made.

It is a question, too, as to whether the patriotic sentiments of the Revolutionary epoch pervaded equally all classes. There was that grand affair which took place in Philadelphia when it was held by the British, where André, as a knight, won all the honors. Did any Continental beauties, loving their country none the less, lose their hearts all the more when they saw the gay English officers entering the lists? The romance of the Revolution where love ignored all sides has been often rehearsed.

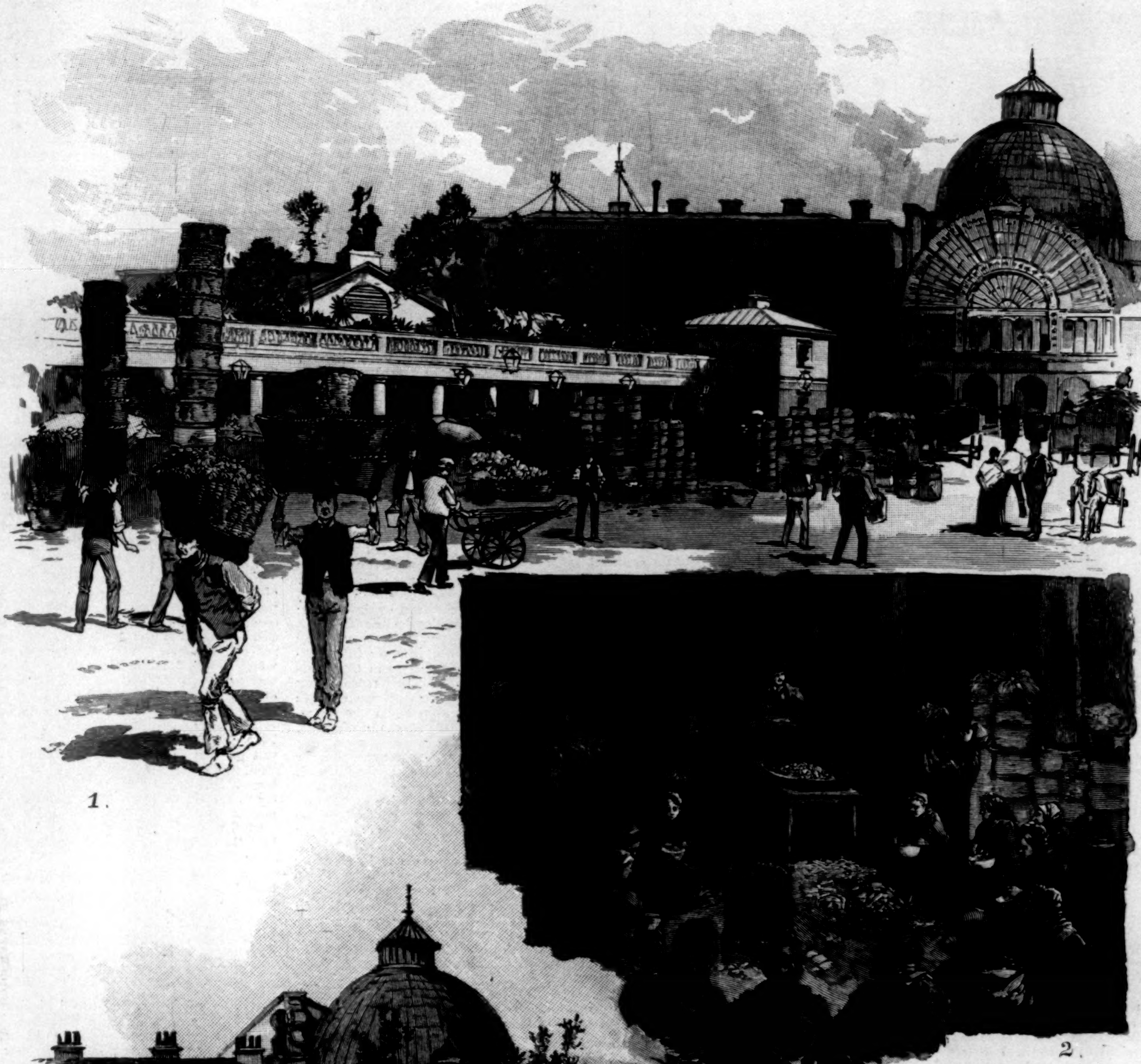
The descendants in the distaff line of this little republican girl certainly do not disdain certain social distinctions. In the history of the world do crowns ever go long a begging? Are there not many fair ones quite ready to wear them? If, then, the upper portion of Mr. McVickar's sketch is to be taken as an allegory, the picture of the young lady with his lordship at her feet is to be considered as an actuality. As an English writer expresses it, "The best *partis* pick out the prettiest women by preference; by preference just now pretty Americans."

The man who by "the accident of an accident" may wear on certain pompous occasions several pounds of gold and jewels with velvet trimmings, is desirous of having this pretty young person exchange her jaunty hat for his lumbering head-gear. The scene is just such as would necessarily bring forth a declaration, but not of "independence." There is the hedge to keep off the intrusive, and the luminous sea stretches out beyond. It might be Newport, and as Newport is Capua civilized, the gentleman with the eye-glass found that this little girl was irresistible. Who can pretend to philosophize over the reasons for any marriage? It is the charm of the girl, maybe her naïveté, that has touched the man. It is not looks alone that has brought about the conquest; it was her talk. If she is an American girl of *pur sang*, she never could be stupid. His lordship may look a trifle English, as our authors, artists, and comedians are wont to write, sketch, or play him, but the clever little American when she is "my lady" will change that *raideur* of line, and perhaps the "haw! haw!" of his speech. In a year he will lose that hollow vacuousness of tone, and acquire, with a twang of Americanee, a distinct gain in point, pith, and precision.

If the Fourth of July is not the day specially devoted to our own glorification, and the asseveration that we do everything better than anybody else, even to the fairer sex securing the most coronets, we should like to know what is the use of such a glorious anniversary.

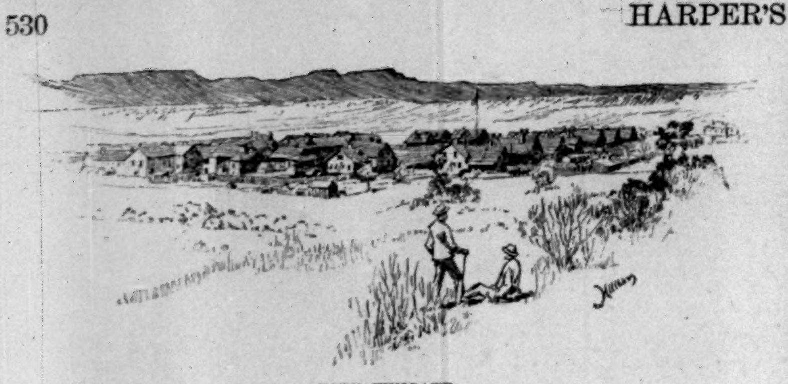

"The Navajo church"—natural rock
A Navajo warrior
Mounted Navajo
Navajo boys and sheep
CRADLE.
A Navajo scout.
Haystacks—natural rock formation.—
— Navajo "Hogan" or lodge —

THE NAVAJO INDIANS.—Drawn by Frederic Remington after Photographs by Wittick & Son, Albuquerque, New Mexico.—[See Page 530.]



COVENT GARDEN, THE GREAT LONDON MARKET.—DRAWN BY GRAHAM AND WILDER.—[SEE PAGE 523.]

1. Workers in the Market. 2. Shelling Pease. 3. On the Roof. 4. Familiar Types of the Venders.



FORT WINGATE.

THE NAVAJO INDIANS.

BY WILLIAM M. EDWARDY.

FORT WINGATE, the largest military post in the Southwest, is situated some three miles south of the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, and not many miles from the Arizona border. Department head-quarters are situated here, and a garrison of nine companies, mostly of the Sixth United States Cavalry, and one company of Indian scouts is constantly maintained. This large force is considered necessary to guard against any possible outbreak of the Navajo Indians, who roam over an extensive reservation, embracing nearly twenty thousand square miles of territory in northwestern New Mexico and northeastern Arizona.

The Navajos are estimated to number 23,000 or more, and they are by far the most powerful tribe of the Southwest. They have been at peace with the whites for about twenty-six years; but their fierce warlike natures have made it necessary for the military authorities to keep constantly on the alert. The tribe is rich in cattle, ponies, and sheep, and they suffered so much during the last war with the whites that it is the fear of losing their property more than anything else which prevents serious trouble. As it is, they are constantly quarrelling with cattle-men on the borders of the reservation, and they cannot resist the temptation of making an occasional raid on their neighbors and old enemies the Utes. In spite of his apparently peaceful inclinations, the Navajo has a deep-seated and well-founded hatred for the white man, and would gladly seek revenge for the wrongs he has suffered, if past experience had not proven to him that he must eventually lose in any conflict with his pale-faced conquerors. No white man or party of white men can safely pass through the Navajo country alone; but if sent out under the escort of any Indian of the tribe, the sense of honor of the people is such that there can be no possibility of danger.

Considering the vast extent of the Navajo reservation, with its natural wonders, the numerical strength of the tribe, and their superior intelligence, very little attention has been paid them by travellers and writers, so that their country, their customs, and their traditions are comparatively unknown. Fort Wingate is the natural starting-point for the Navajo country. It is a prettily situated post, with spacious quarters, storehouses, and corrals, where every detail of every-day life is conducted with that order and military discipline common to frontier forts. The strategic position of the post is such that in the event of a Navajo outbreak the troops could be readily thrown out between the reservation and the thickly populated districts of New Mexico. It was established several years ago, and is now under the command of General Carr, who during his many years of service with the Sixth Cavalry has fought nearly every tribe of hostile Indians on the border.

The company of Indian scouts which is kept at the post is a splendid body of men, being selected from among the bravest and most intelligent young men of the tribe. They have adopted the regulation army uniform, and are neat and careful in their dress. They render efficient service in keeping order on the reservation and in bringing in renegades who have committed depredations of any kind. The scouts are commanded by a regular army officer, but their chief is a handsome half-breed called Chee (the light-haired), who acts as interpreter, and is one of the most influential men of the tribe.

By the permission of the commanding officer, and through the aid of Chee, I succeeded in obtaining an Indian pony and the services of one of the scouts to guide me on a trip through the reservation. We left the post at an early hour of the morning, and headed north through the rugged, broken country, which in its peculiar formations is unlike any other portion of the earth. Snow had fallen during the night to the depth of several inches, and as we passed into the hilly country an ever-changing panorama of weird and beautiful scenery was opened before us. The tall buttes of variegated hue rising abruptly from the snow-clad plains presented an endless variety of color and form. Some were smooth and round as if chiselled by the hand of man; others were jagged and rough; while others still took the shape of perfect domes.

A few miles from the post we came upon a pile of dark brownstone which so closely resembles the body and spires of a great cathedral that it has been called the "Navajo Church." It rises for several hundred feet above the level of the surrounding plain, and can be seen for many miles.

Near Fort Defiance, where the agency is located, we passed three tall buttes which in color and form resemble stacks of hay. They are called the "Hay-stacks," and at the distance of one or two miles the illusion is so perfect that the name is very appropriate. There is an immense circular opening in one of these buttes, through which a person on the west side can plainly see the mountain slopes which lie to the eastward. The natural beauties and wonders of the Navajo country are too varied and numerous to be mentioned in detail. There is a wonderful cañon in the Navajo Mountains—of which I know only from stories told me by old men of the tribe—which has never yet been visited by white men. It is a beautiful valley, shut in on all sides by cliffs which rise several thousand feet, the only entrance being a narrow defile scarcely wide enough for two men to pass abreast. The Bridal-Veil Falls, which have been seen and photographed, are unsurpassed in beauty by anything in the Southwest. The principal fall is a solid body of water some twenty feet in width, which plunges over a precipice 132 feet in height, and there are several smaller streams on either side.

At Fort Defiance, which is just across the line in Arizona, I found a picturesque little settlement in a broad cañon, where the government has erected a number of buildings, and established a school for the education of Indian boys and girls. This is the business centre of the Navajo reservation, and here all dealings and consultations between the agents of the government and chiefs of the tribe are carried on. There are at present seventy-two children in the school; and outside of authorized traders there are probably twenty government employés at the place. Mr. C. E. Vandever, the present Indian Agent, was formerly City Marshal of Terre Haute, Indiana, and under his vigorous administration of affairs many innovations have been made, and a degree of order established which until lately was unknown on the reservation. I will give you some of his views in regard to the advancement of the Indian later on. At Defiance I spent some time, and naturally my first efforts were directed toward learning something of the traditions of the tribe. Through Chee's help I had no difficulty in securing interpreters, and had many long and interesting talks with the story-tellers, or historians, whose business it is to tell what has been handed down from the past.

I found among the Navajos the same difficulty which I have met with in other tribes, viz., that the various historians, or story-tellers, do not always agree in their traditions, and that while the groundwork may have been the same originally, each one elaborates or curtails to suit his own fancy. In common with other tribes of the Southwest, the Navajos believe that they originally came from below, and like the Moquis their lower world is composed of two stories or stations. Their best-established tradition of the creation, or appearance of man on earth, is as follows: The Navajos originally lived in the underworld—that is, the world immediately below the one upon which they now live. In that world they were happy and contented, and had everything which heart could wish for. There were no excesses of heat or cold, and fruits and flowers grew in abundance. The day was marked by a bright cloud, which rose like a curtain in the east, and as this went down a black cloud rose in the west, which marked the night. In this happy condition they existed until some one of the tribe discovered an opening in the earth which extended upward to some place then unknown. He communicated his discovery to his people, and the tribe set out to find to what place the opening would lead. Finally they emerged upon this earth at a point somewhere in the Navajo Mountains, and immediately prepared to take possession of their new home. When they came upon earth they were ruled by a queen, who mysteriously disappeared four days afterward. Men were sent in all directions to search for her, and those who had gone in the direction of the Navajo Mountains came upon the opening by which the tribe had ascended from the lower world, and found that it had not yet been closed. Looking downward, they beheld their former home, and saw their queen combing her long black hair. She spoke to them, and told them to return to her people with the message that she had died on earth and had returned to the lower world, and that they would come to her only when death had released them from the upper world. With this the earth closed, and the searchers returned to the tribe with the message which had been given them. Soon after this, giants appeared in the country, who killed and ate up the entire tribe with the exception of four families, who found safety in a deep cañon of the Navajo Mountains.

One day in their desolate retreat they saw at early dawn a bright ray of sunshine beaming upon a lovely verdant hill not far away. Four days in succession this phenomenon was presented, and being drawn by curiosity to visit the spot, they found a beautiful girl babe. This child was regarded as the daughter of heaven and earth, and they reared her with the greatest care. When she grew to womanhood, the great warrior who rides upon a white horse and carries the sun upon his arm as a shield fell in love with and married her. The offspring of this union were two sons, who slew the giants who had destroyed the Navajos; and under their protection the world was peopled again. The daughter of heaven and earth was finally taken up by her warrior husband and transported to the great waters to the westward, where she was placed in a floating palace, which has since been her home. She is immortal, and to her are addressed the prayers of the people. Her water home is guarded by twelve immortal beings, who return periodically to the land to learn what the Navajos are doing, and to carry back with them any messages which they may send. The tradition of this protecting goddess accounts for the respect which the Navajos show to the women of their tribe. Among them a man never lifts his hand against a woman, although it is no unusual thing for a squaw to administer a sound thrashing to the warrior husband who has offended her. All of the sheep, which constitute the great wealth of the tribe, are owned by the women; and in the various families the line of descent is always on the side of the woman. The Navajos have little or no idea of a future existence, but are firm believers in the transmigration of souls. For this reason they have great reverence for different animals and birds, which are supposed to be the re-embodiment of departed spirits of Navajos. The morals of the Navajos are of a very low standard. Polygamy is practised; and the marriage rite is only a form, for the husband or wife can take a new partner whenever so inclined. It is usual to purchase a wife by paying from ten to twenty ponies, but the husband is not bound to keep her any longer than he wishes. However, the wife who is abandoned can avenge herself by shooting the ponies or cattle belonging to her fickle lord. Some of the Navajos own slaves, who are principally Ute Indians who have been captured on raids into their country; and although the government has been trying for a long time to liberate these captives wherever found, there are still many on the reservation.

The Navajos are naturally an intelligent and industrious race. They cultivate large tracts of land, and carefully tend their flocks and herds. The wool clip for the past year was upward of 2,500,000 pounds. They have lately been furnished with shears of an improved pattern; but until recently they cut the wool from the backs of the sheep with knives or sharp pieces of tin, an operation which was not only tedious, but was terribly painful to the animal. Previous to the last war with the whites, the tribe had extensive orchards of peach, apple, and pear trees; but these were cut down and destroyed by the soldiers under Kit Carson, since which time the Indians will not plant trees, for they say "the white men will come again and cut them down." During this war the Navajos suffered terribly, for they not only lost their flocks and herds, but nearly half of the tribe was either killed in battle or died of hunger and exposure. In order to subdue them, the soldiers and their allies, the Utes, destroyed everything upon which they could subsist; and it is related upon good authority that hundreds of Navajo women, when driven to the last extremity, threw themselves and their children headlong from the tall cliffs which overlook Fort Defiance, and were dashed to pieces upon the stones below. The Navajos have more than ordinary ingenuity in some classes of work, which is shown in the artistic patterns of the blankets which they make, and the skilful designing and manufacture of silver ornaments. A silversmith in the tribe can make bridles, belts, and necklaces which in originality of pattern and perfection of finish would puzzle many of our best mechanics. The people too are inclined to present a fine outward appearance, and display much taste in decorating their persons and the animals upon which they ride.

In regard to the progress which the tribe is making, there is little, if any. The means provided by the government are totally inadequate for the needs of the people. There is, to be sure, a school of seventy-two pupils, but what does this amount to among 23,000 people? The influence is so slight that it is hardly felt, and its benefits are scarcely perceptible.

Mr. Vandever, the present agent, is my authority for the statement that it is a bad policy to take the children from the agency and send them to Carlisle or some other remote school. He thinks that there should be several primary schools at convenient points on the reservation, and also a high-school, so that the children could be educated without having to be separated from their families. Above all, he thinks that there should be industrial teachers throughout the tribe, as the people are not only capable but willing to learn how to cultivate their lands and care for their animals.

At present the Navajos live in little huts, called *hogans*, scattered over the reservation, and it is very seldom that more than one or two of these huts are found together. Lately the people have evinced a desire to build houses, and a number of comfortable cabins have been erected under the supervision of the government agent. As already stated, there is constant hostility between the Navajos and cattle-men along the borders of their reservation; but this is due more to the encroachments of the whites than to any fault of the Indians. There are fine grazing lands on the reservation, and the Navajo Mountains are said to be wonderfully rich in minerals. These serve as a constant temptation for unscrupulous people to enter the reservation, and when they do, they are generally met with a warm reception. It is not an uncommon occurrence to find a body riddled with bullets, as was the case a short while ago, when two Mexican herders were found dead not far from the post. The Navajos now own their land in common, but there is a growing sentiment in favor of its allotment in severalty, and those who know them best predict that when this is done the tribe will make rapid strides toward civilization and enlightenment.

THE NILE SOURCES AND THE AFRICAN PROBLEM.

I.

FROM time without date, from the dawn of Egypt's great civilization down to the present time, a spell of enchantment has seemed ever to envelop in a web of mystery and romance the still mysterious regions of far-off Ethiopia. The magnificent river which flowed past the Theban capital on its way to the distant sea was ever the subject of unceasing wonder to the Egyptian dreamer, the Greek historian, and the Persian and Roman poet. Herodotus himself, when on his way to Thebes, stopped at Sais to consult the registrar of Minerva's temple, and from him learned that the great river sprang from a bottomless fountain in the far country to the south, and that to propitiate the godlike stream and insure a supply of its fecund waters, a virgin was flung each year into the turbid current as a sacrifice to the potent river-god, "thus, and thus only, securing a fruitful and abundant harvest to the land."

Lucan, the Roman poet, sang of the impossibility of revealing the secret which surrounded the sources of the great river, and said,

> "Natura arcanum caput est non prodidit ulli,
> Nec licuit populis parvum te Nile videre."

But long ere Lucan had tuned his lyre to sing of the hopeless Nile fountains, aye, back to a period four thousand years before the Roman, this same problem had excited the ardor of the heroic, and inspired the conquests of Semiramis and Sesostris, of the Pharaohs and the Phœnicians, whose deeds have been woven into song by both Hesiod and Homer.

In the third century B.C., Eratosthenes has given an account of the expedition of Cambyses, who marched his legions across Ethiopia in quest of the Nile sources, and that he reached Meroë (Khartoum?), a city to which the Persian gave this name in honor of his sister or his wife, who died there. He also relates the story which he heard from Posidonius, of one Cyzicus, who was sent to the Corean games under the reign of Energeto II. (B.C. 170), a man who was greatly interested in the solution of the question. Eratosthenes, in referring to the interest displayed in the subject by the Ptolemaic kings, says that it is surprising that, with such opportunities for obtaining information, the history of the rains should not have been registered with the greatest care in the "sacred books," holding it to be a fact that the Nile sources were contained in the rain clouds of Ethiopia: a conclusion which has been absolutely confirmed by the developments of recent years. The great geographer quotes Calisthenes, who maintained that the cause of the rise of the river is the rain of summer, adding, "This he borrows from Aristotle, who borrowed from Thrasyalces, the Thracian; Thrasyalces from some other person, and the latter from Homer, who calls the Nile 'heaven-descended'—'back to Egypt's heaven-descended stream.'"

The period of the Middle Ages added little to our knowledge of the Nile. At the end of the eleventh century, during the war between the caliphs of Egypt and the Zeizites of the upper country, the Arab conquerors undertook expeditions into the interior, and under their standards there followed such geographers as Abou Fedda, Edrisi, Hassan-el-Grenada, Ibn Khaldoun, and Ibn Batoutah, names which have enriched Arab literature, but whose stories partake of the romantic rather than the real.

The modern period, commencing with the fourteenth century, opened with an expedition the account of which is somewhat apochryphal. It is said that in 1317 a number of Dominicans of Montpellier made their way through Abyssinia, and ascended the Nile as far as Ongamba (Ugunda?), and thence reached Zanzibar, having discovered on the journey eastward the city of Mani-

Motopa, which they called the Grand Empire of Mono-Motopa.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries hardy navigators, under the patronage of Henri of Portugal, sought along the Western coast the route which led to that golden El Dorado, the Indies, and at the same time, as it appears from recent documents, the Dark Continent was being crossed and recrossed from ocean to ocean. The complaint made by Eratosthenes that no records were kept in the sacred books, applies with equal force to the expeditions of these Portugese pioneers of two centuries ago. The Portugese were, in fact, the veritable *describadores* of the entire coast of Africa; and Vasca de Gama, the most noted of them all, passed the Cape of Good Hope in 1497, at the same time that Columbus, believing himself in India, had discovered the continent of America. The chain which had encircled the globe had now been broken.

Three centuries later, in 1768, Bruce rediscovered the sources of the Bahr-el Azrak (Blue Nile), already discovered by Père Paez, the Spanish missionary. Then came Mungo Park, Caillaud Caillé, Dunham, D'Abbadie, and Beke.

The expedition of the French in 1798 gave a renewed impulse to scientific research in the Nile Valley; and finally Mehemet Ali, the grand old Pasha and Viceroy of Egypt, between the years 1839 and 1842 organized two expeditions—the first commanded by the eminent French engineer, Linant de Bellefond; and the second by Ste. Arnaud. The latter succeeded in ascending the Nile as far as the 4° 42′ parallel north, discovering *in transitu* the mouths of the Saubat, the Bahr-el-Ghazel, and Lake No.

In the month of January, 1858, Captain John Hanning Speke, attached to the expedition of the distinguished captain now Sir Richard Burton, reached the southern extremity of the great inland sea situated south of the equator, which he called the "Victoria Nyanza." Speke's discovery was, however, incomplete, many geographers claiming that the river which flowed out of the lake in the north was not nor could not be the Nile. Speke endeavored to trace this river; but when a short distance from the lake, he was driven from the river, and was forced to abandon his project, leaving the question still one of geographical discussion and doubt.

Ismail Pasha, Khedive, imbued with the ambition to emulate his illustrious grandsire—discover the source of Egypt's great river and extend his domain to its head waters—authorized Sir Samuel Baker to undertake a voyage of discovery, which resulted in the finding of a lake (in 1864), which he called the Albert Nyanza, situated between the first and second parallels north. Baker thus discovered the second Nile source.

Sir Samuel subsequently was appointed Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces of Egypt, and was replaced by General Gordon in February, 1874. The writer, then an officer in the general staff of the Egyptian army, was chosen as chief of staff to General Gordon, and immediately on his arrival at Gondocoro, undertook to complete the unfinished work of Captain Speke at the same time that he was urgently ordered to reach the capital of the famous M'Tesa, King of Uganda, with the view of anticipating the "Stanley *Herald* and London *Telegraph* Expedition," then about to set out from England. As may be seen by the book published on this subject,[*] a treaty was made with the king just nine months before Stanley's arrival, who found the ground taken by the Khedive's military stations, extending to the Lake Victoria itself. It was a sore disappointment to Stanley, for the even then coveted country of Uganda had become Egyptian territory, as manifested in the following official note, communicated by the Egyptian Minister for Foreign Affairs to the representatives of all the great powers. It said:

"There is accomplished the annexation to Egypt of all the territories situated in and around the great lakes Victoria and Albert and their affluents. We are happy to have to announce the result of that expedition, which has succeeded, due to the energy and devotion of those who have accomplished it under the direction of Gordon Pasha, and in the generous spirit of aiding in the fecundation of these countries by civilization, by agriculture, and by commerce."

In addition to the diplomatic *coup de main* which had been the first intention and object of his mission, accomplished under hardships almost unparalleled in the history of travel, the Americo-Egyptian officer descended the river, and after great suffering and endurance, and accompanied only with two faithful soldiers and two servants, he traced the stream to its connecting point with Lake Albert, thus solving finally and forever the problem of the Nile sources, and at the same time adding another lake to the system in the discovery of Lake Ibrahim.

Mr. Henry M Stanley's name has not been mentioned here among those who may claim to be the discoverers of the Nile sources. Mr. Stanley is not a Nile source discoverer, in fact. He did not discover the Victoria or the Albert Nyanzas, nor Lake Ibrahim; and these lakes constitute the Nile sources, and none others.

II.

At a moment when Africa is being carved up to satisfy the cupidity of certain European states, it may prove interesting and instructive to the layman to have a look at central and equatorial Africa; for it is that country, extending through to the two oceans, which is undergoing the process of subdivision and absorption. *Cela vaudra-t-il la chandelle?* that is the question. In the first place, what is the motive for this aggression? Is it commercial or is it political? Let us see.

We have the repeated confession of General Gordon that central Africa was not worth the taking from a commercial standpoint; and if that officer elected to return there, with the avowed determination of never setting foot again in Great Britain, it was because he desired to acquire a government of his own, and where, as the "Sultan of the Soudan," he could indulge his fancy in governing after his own peculiar views. Gordon never believed in Africa commercially, nor did he ever seriously attempt to exploit his provinces in that sense. Ninety pounds a month to a simple *valet de chambre* was a system under which a government with more ivory and taxes than the Soudan possessed would have succumbed. Gordon said of the Soudan in his book:

"The Soudan is a useless possession, ever was, and ever will be; no larger than Germany, France, and Spain together, and mostly barren. No one who has ever lived in the Soudan can escape the reflection what a useless possession is this land. Few men can stand its fearful monotony and dreadful climate."

Sir Samuel Baker's administration of the Soudan might have shown better results, but Sir Samuel was an expensive Governor-General, and imbued too much with the spirit of adventure to calmly await the slow process of evolution which might have crowned his efforts with success.

Sir Richard Burton, in his *Nile Basin*, says apropos to the commercial value of this country:

"Stories are told of great empires and political states in Africa, in order to enhance the glory of his reports and to rouse the government and the nation, and upon these reports to lay hold of and extend our power and commerce. The whole has turned out to be mere moonshine. These empires have no great fleets or armies at their command, and these wretched chiefs cannot muster a few hundred. The population are everywhere poor, miserable, enslaved, and engaged in perpetual war. In every tribe and state, also, the populations are wholly averse to continuous labor, or any labor at all calculated to produce or to collect any quantity of tropical produce for exchange, either for internal or external trade. The length and danger of internal conveyance is so great that if articles could be produced and obtained for nothing, none of these articles would defray the cost of bringing them from distant internal posts to the sea-coast. Can industry and commerce, which must always go hand in hand, exist in such a country? No!"

If Sir Richard's conclusions are not sufficient to convince the optimist accustomed to listen to the representations made of Africa's possibilities through the unscrupulous and the interested, the following quotation from Mr. Joseph Thomson, in his *To the Central African Lakes and Back*, p. 275, may be read with interest:

"Anticipations of civilizing centres dotted over the length and breadth of its vast area (Africa) were held by the more sanguine. Few corners were to be left unveiled. Trade was to be introduced and developed, and of course Christianity, of whatever creed, was to be fostered and encouraged! What has really been the result? Some years have passed, and yet we have only the sublimely ridiculous spectacle of united Europe knocking its head idiotically against a wall, betraying an utter inability to grapple with the difficulties of the case, and making itself a laughing-stock to the benighted negroes whom it undertook to enlighten. Cameron has waxed eloquent in the infinite possibilities and the unspeakable riches of Africa. He has drawn out a list of articles, in which we find gold, silver, iron, copper, coal, India-rubber, ivory, oil, beans, cotton, rice, coffee, hides, etc. Stanley has not been behind, and has left it to be generally understood that the fortunate speculators who will first run a railway to the great lakes will ever afterward roll in gold. Livingstone has been more cautious and sober; has, indeed, spoken of central Africa as of great richness, but wisely leaves us to imagine for ourselves in what the richness consists.

"In opposition to all these roseate hues, I unhesitatingly express the opinion that over the wide area embraced by my route, and which may be taken as representing east central Africa, I have not seen a single article except ivory which it would pay to bring down from the interior. In this sweeping remark of course I do not include the low-lying coast regions, of the possibilities of which I have already spoken. I have nowhere seen a single mineral in a form which a European would for a moment attempt to work as a profitable and reasonable speculation. Central Africa is ready to take what England may send in calico and beads, but she has nothing to give in return. Africa, in short, is to be the future hope of Great Britain, and a very El Dorado for all traders enterprising enough to enter and establish themselves."

The opinion of such an eminent English authority as Mr. Thomson commends itself to those who desire to know the real conditions of this pseudo El Dorado. The reader will remark that the coast-line of Africa is not included in these pessimistic conclusions of Mr. Thomson. The optimist, indeed, with some show of reason, may point to Alexandria, to Tyre and Sidon, and to Carthage, and repeat the oft-told story that these cities owed their opulence to trade with the interior. It is not true, however; nor is there a particle of evidence to support the assertion that Carthage employed other relations with central Africa than those which have been continued down to the present time by Arab merchants in their slow and patient caravans, whose *comptoirs* and head-quarters are fixed in the cities along the coast.

Africa is much the same to-day as when it was the field of conquest and commercial speculation of its Egyptian, Persian, Greek, and Roman conquerors. Thebes, Alexandria, and Carthage of the past may be accepted as more than a match for the Cairo, Alexandria, and Loando of the present. (From the ruins of Carthage a single document bearing upon the subject has been preserved, in which it appears that in the time long ago one General Hanno had been sent by King Sankh-Ka-Ra-Ameni to found colonies on the east coast. He carried with him three thousand men, women, and children, workmen, miners, and soldiers, whose object was the exploitation of gold, precious stones, and sweet perfumes. The Egyptian general founded stations on the Arabian and Somali coasts; but these, and like attempts at civilization under Phœnician, Persian, and Roman, were unfruitful, and ended disastrously. The commerce which enriched the capitals on the coast was not created by direct contact with the interior, but grew out of trade along the coast performed by the Egyptian and Phœnician galleys which ploughed the Mediterranean and Indian seas.)

The lesson which Africa teaches should not be unheeded by those who are attracted by the illusory stories told of her great wealth and prospective commerce; but it is by no means certain that commercial interests are not subordinate to political supremacy in the present struggle for place in Africa on the part of Great Britain and Germany.

Great Britain is in Egypt; and if mistress of the Nile sources, her hold upon Egypt and its populations will be rendered doubly strong. Germany, doubtless, has deemed it wise to take advantage of the Emin incident in the same sense, and with the view of having her hand upon her English rival in any possible contingency. Her excuse is, doubtless, the German East African Colonization Society; but this may be set down as a mere excuse, for, from what has been shown, neither Great Britain nor Germany can expect to make beads and calico pay the expense of this occupation of the interior country.

Africa, it must be remembered, is the highway to India *viâ* the Suez Canal, and in the event of that route being closed, the route around the Cape is the only one open, in which case the Johannes Islands, Ile de la Reunion, and possibly Mauritius and Madagascar, under a French protectorate, would render the possession of the entire African coast a matter of necessary precaution for Great Britain. This is, therefore, the reason of the present looting of Africa.

The treaty between Great Britain and Germany recently published shows that the former has assumed authority over the entire coast from the equator to Cape Guardafui and as far as the Italian stations in the Red Sea. Great Britain besides assumes the exclusive protectorate over the Sultanate of Zanzibar, an assumption which may provoke opposition from France as a violation of the Anglo-French treaty pledging mutual non-interference in Zanzibar and the independence of the Sultan, and under which Lord Derby, in a diplomatic note addressed to the Khedive of Egypt, protested against the capture and occupation of the entire Somali coast from Cape Guardafui to the equator by the Egyptians commanded by the writer in 1876.

It has been charged that Great Britain, seeking to advance her footing along the Nile and in central Africa, inspired the expedition of Sir Samuel Baker, and finally his nomination as Governor-General of the Egyptian provinces. It is certain that General Gordon was named as his successor by the direct influence of the English government, using Nubar Pasha, then Egyptian Minister for Foreign Affairs, as its friendly agent to that end. Arabi, too, it is said, was an involuntary instrument of Great Britain's policy; but this is by no means certain, and it may be that the weak and vain *fellah* colonel was one of those unlooked-for incidents which chance seems ever ready to launch into the field of Oriental affairs, where, it is said, "the unexpected always happens."

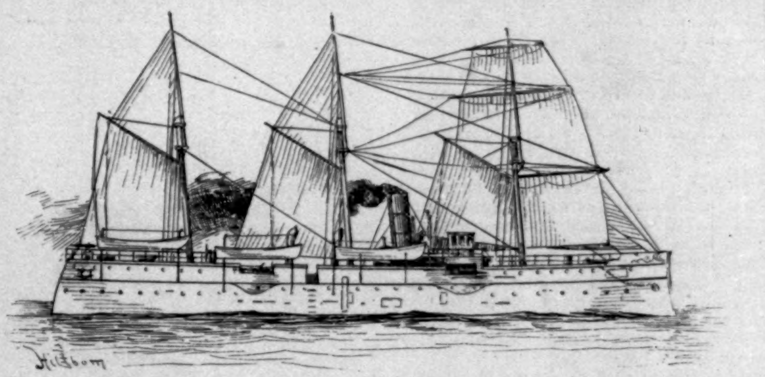
The solution of the African problem is not yet. It is one thing to cast lots for African provinces, but quite another to realize them when cast. A deadly climate, dark jungles, and vast deserts, to say nothing of the treacherous African himself, are all potential agents to bar the progress of greater forces perhaps than even England and Germany can employ. And then it is by no means certain that the German eagle and the British lion are to live peaceably together in Africa. Their interests are widely apart; and besides the latter is not likely to forgive the German for presuming upon taking half of these stolen honors.

The protectorate at Zanzibar may yet prove to have been a poor exchange for Heligoland; and even if the cession of the latter place does not cost the life of the Tory ministry, it is by no means impossible that it soon will provoke a peremptory summons from France to terminate the occupation of Egypt.

Charles Chaillé Long.

---

[*] *Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People.* Harper & Brothers.

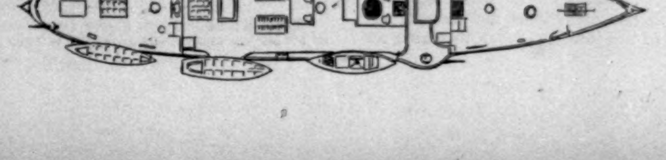


THE NEW PRACTICE VESSEL OF THE NAVY.

The following are the dimensions of the practice vessel just contracted for, and of which a broadside and a deck plan are given: Length between perpendiculars, 180 feet; extreme breadth, 32 feet; mean draught of water, 11½ feet; displacement, 835 tons. The rig is that of barkentine, the area of plain sail being about 5000 square feet, with centre of effort about one foot forward centre of length.

The propelling engines will be rights and lefts, placed in a common water-tight compartment. These engines will be of the vertical, inverted cylinder, direct-acting, triple-expansion type. The collective indicated horse-power of propelling engines, air-pump, and circulating pump engines will be 1300 when the main engines are making about 240 revolutions per minute. There will be two straightway fire tubular boilers placed in a common water-tight compartment, constructed for a working pressure of 160 pounds per square inch; a donkey boiler is to be supplied and located above the water-tight deck to supply steam for all auxiliaries. The coal supply at normal draught is 140 tons, but the vessel has a bunker capacity of 200 tons. The endurance and radius of action at different speeds with 140 tons of coal are: at thirteen knots per hour (five days' steaming), 1560 knots; at ten knots per hour (ten days' steaming), 2400 knots; at eight knots per hour (twenty days' steaming), 3850 knots.

The armament consists of four 4-inch rapid-firing rifles mounted on central pivot carriages, with 2-inch steel shields fitted to each carriage to protect the gun's crew as well as the mechanism of the gun and carriage from machine-gun fire; the secondary battery consists of two 6-pounder rapid-fire, two 3-pounder rapid-fire, and one 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, one 37-millimetre revolving cannon, and one Gatling—all having the ordinary shield protection. The vessel has one above-water training torpedo launching tube, and one bow-torpedo launching tube worked on berth deck. Automobile torpedoes will be provided, and besides these tubes there will be a complete outfit of boat-spar torpedo gear and charges.

The vessel is to be fitted with steam windlass and steam steering-gear, and to be lighted by electricity and well ventilated. Accommodations are provided for captain and eight wardroom officers, and for a crew of at least 120 cadets and men.